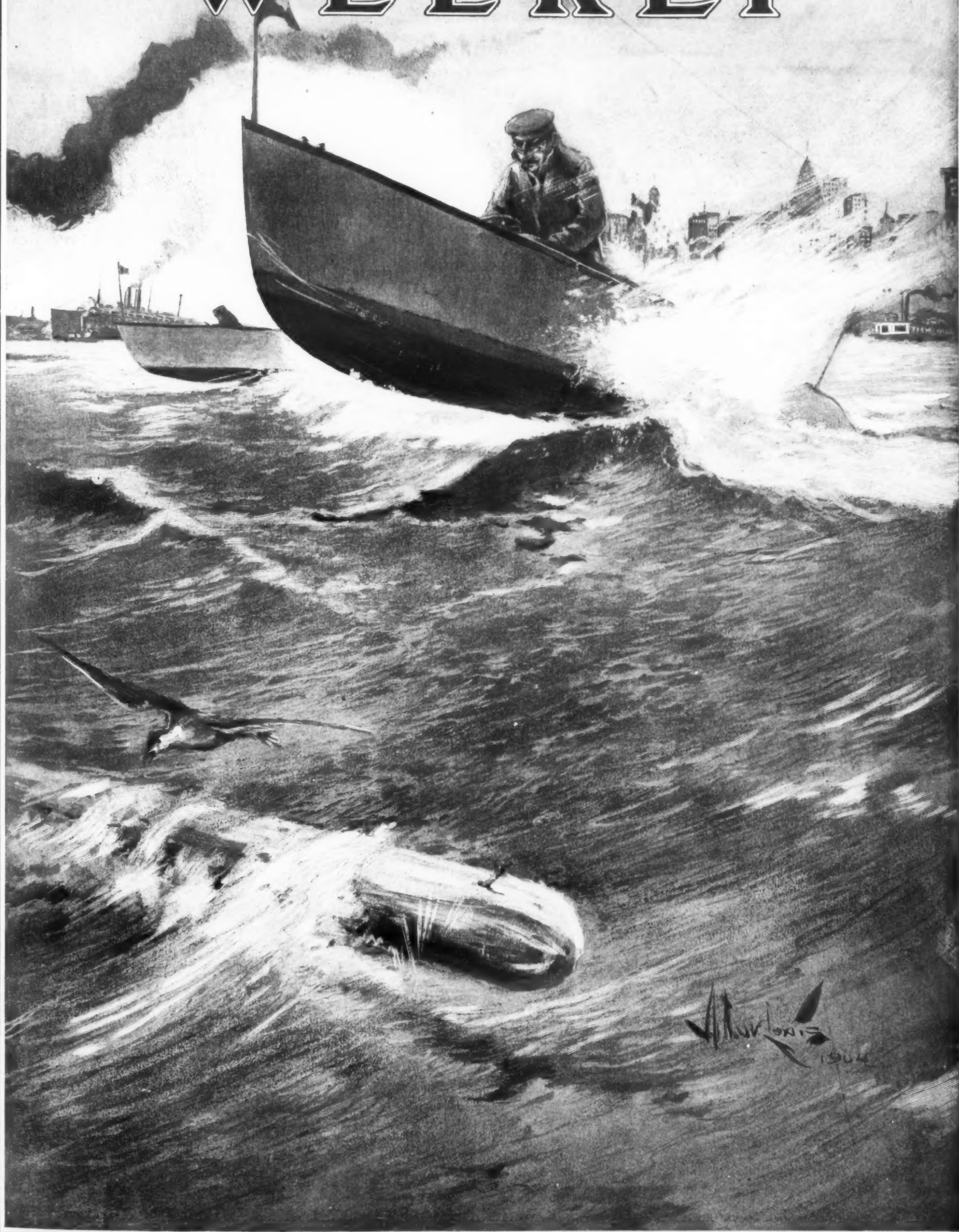


LESLIE'S WEEKLY



TESTING FAST MOTOR-BOATS IN THE ROUGH WATERS OF NEW YORK BAY.

Drawn for Leslie's Weekly by Arthur Lewis.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY

THE OLDEST ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY IN THE UNITED STATES

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Thursday, November 3, 1904

Signs of Republican Victory.

ALL THE portents point to Republican victory in the presidential canvass close at hand. Whenever a political revolution in party control of the government has been pending it has heralded itself months, and sometimes years, ahead of the change. The stalwart-half-breed feud of 1881, Garfield's assassination in that year, the overwhelming victory for Cleveland over Folger in the New York governorship canvass of 1882, and the sweeping Democratic victory in the congressional campaign in the country at large in the same year, foreshadowed the Democratic triumph in the presidential canvass in 1884, although if 600 votes in New York had been swung from Cleveland to Blaine in 1884 Blaine would have been elected. Harrison's victory and Cleveland's defeat in 1888 were indicated by the heavy drop in Cleveland's party's majority in the congressional campaign of 1886, the gains in the State elections by the Republicans in 1887, and the large Republican majorities in the September States of 1888.

Everybody knew long ahead of the voting in 1892 that the Republicans would lose the presidency in that year. They were overthrown in the congressional elections of 1890, they lost many States in 1891 which they had been in the habit of carrying, and the drop in the Republican majorities in Maine and Vermont in September, 1892, foretold Cleveland's victory in November of the latter year. The swing to the Republican side in 1896 began to be foreshadowed by the Republican victories in New York and other States in 1893, before Cleveland had been in power a year in his second term; by the sweeping Republican victory in the congressional canvass of 1894; by the Republicans' capture of Delaware and West Virginia in 1894, and Maryland and Kentucky in 1895, thus breaking the solid South in four spots, and by the immense Republican margins in Maine and Vermont in the elections in September, 1896. Every one saw, many months ahead, that the Democrats would be cast out of power in 1896.

Not a single sign of a change in party control in the national government can be discerned in anything which has occurred in the past two or three years. The signs, on the other hand, have all been in the Republicans' favor. In the fateful mid-presidential-term congressional canvass of 1902 the Republicans retained control of the House of Representatives by the largest majority, in proportion to the one gained in the congressional election two years earlier, in the year when a President was chosen, that had been rolled up in three-quarters of a century by any party holding the presidency. Outside of the old slavery region Bryan carried only four States—Colorado, Montana, Idaho, and Nevada—in 1900. The Republicans won all of these except Nevada in elections in 1902.

The largest plurality which Oregon, previous to this year, ever gave any party in any canvass was the 13,000 lead which it rolled up for McKinley in 1900. In the election in June, 1904, in which Roosevelt was the issue, Oregon gave a 24,000 plurality to the head of the Republican State ticket, and a 21,000 lead for the Republicans on members of Congress. The voting in Vermont and Maine in September, 1904, on State ticket and Congress, and the town elections in Con-

necticut in October, 1904, show that the Republicans are holding their own in those commonwealths, and that the Republican line in the East, as measured by the 1900 test, will not be broken this year.

Every sign which has proven to be of value in the past shows that the Republican party is likely to win a sweeping victory for President in 1904. But let not overconfidence keep any one at home or abate a single effort on election day, especially in New York.

Differences Between 1904 and 1892.

OCCASIONALLY a Democrat says the conditions in 1904 remind him of those of 1892, when his party carried the country for President the last time. In reality the contrasts between the situation this year and twelve years ago are numerous and striking.

Of the States outside of the old slavery region the Democrats had, at the opening of the canvass of 1892, Governors in Connecticut, New York (Flower), New Jersey, Pennsylvania (Pattison), Michigan, Wisconsin, Iowa, Nebraska, Montana, and Oregon, and they had carried Illinois in that State's election next preceding 1892 for the head of their State ticket, State treasurer.

In 1904, of the States outside of the old slavery section, the Democrats have Governors in only Rhode Island, Montana, Nevada, and Oregon. In Rhode Island the Governor has been elected on local issues which do not affect national politics. In Montana and Nevada the present Governors were elected on fusion tickets. Since they were chosen Montana has swung back to the Republican side. The Democrats carried Oregon for Governor through a split among the Republicans, but on general State and national issues Oregon has recently been giving majorities to the Republicans which have been unexampled in their dimensions. In 1904, moreover, the Republicans have Governors in Delaware and West Virginia, of the old slavery section, both of which States were strongly Democratic in 1892 and preceding elections.

The Democrats had one United States Senator in 1892 each from Illinois, New York, and Ohio, and two each from Indiana and New Jersey, while there was a Populist Senator from Kansas and from South Dakota. The only Democratic Senators outside of the South in 1904 are one each in Idaho and Nevada, and two each in Colorado and Montana. Idaho, Colorado, and Montana have been carried by the Republicans since those Senators were chosen. In the slavery section from which the Republicans were shut out in 1892, the Republicans have one from Maryland and two each from Delaware and West Virginia.

At the time of Cleveland's nomination in 1892 the Republicans had only forty-seven of the eighty-eight members of the Senate, the Democrats having thirty-nine and the Independents two. To-day the Republicans have fifty-seven members of the Senate and the Democrats thirty-three. In the House of Representatives at the time the national conventions of 1892 met the Democrats had 235 members, the Republicans only eighty-six, and the Populists nine. In the present House there are 208 Republicans and 178 Democrats.

At the time of the 1892 campaign the Democrats had not only the entire South, but they had a large proportion of the Northern and Western States, and the general drift in the elections immediately preceding was toward them. In 1904 all this is changed. The Republicans now not only have control of practically all of the North and West, but they have some of the Southern States, and the tendencies in the politics of recent years have been in their favor.

The whole face of political affairs in the United States has been sweepingly changed since the campaign of 1892, when the Democrats, under Cleveland, made their last successful stand in a presidential canvass.

Tammany Ready for a New Boss.

BOSS MURPHY, of Tammany Hall, is at last for Parker, and promises to give him an unprecedented majority in greater New York. We think not. Tammany's failure at St. Louis was the most complete and humiliating in the long and crooked history of that organization. It was beaten in 1884, 1888, and 1892, when Cleveland was nominated, but it was not discredited. In 1896 and 1900 it would have preferred some other candidate to Bryan, but it accepted him and made a fairly active canvass for him—or pretended to.

But its entire activities in the political field in 1904 have been a series of defeats. It started out to prevent the granting of instructions for Parker by the Albany convention, and was beaten by Hill. For several weeks before the St. Louis convention its leader, Charles F. Murphy, ostentatiously proclaimed that Parker had no chance in the national gathering, and it urged the nomination of Cleveland. In St. Louis it applauded Cleveland's name when it was mentioned in the convention, but in view of the wigwam's persistent hostility to Cleveland when he was a real candidate, its affection for him this year, when he was out of the reckoning, counted for nothing.

On the finance issue Tammany was again beaten. Declaring it would force a gold expression into the platform, it was forced to capitulate to Bryan, who had only a small fraction of the platform committee and the convention on his side. It joined with the rest of the New York delegation in surrendering to the silver

fad, but its defeat was more ignominious than theirs because it boasted louder and longer about the gold ultimatum which it would present to the convention.

Tammany has had great leaders in its day. Its politics was usually vicious, but the men at the head of it were able to bring things to pass. Fernando Wood will not have a place among the reformers of the age. Nobody will ever class William M. Tweed, A. Oakley Hall, John Kelly, or Richard Croker with the illustrious statesmen and patriots of their day. But all those men were leaders who could lead and who did lead. The present squire, Charles F. Murphy, is the feeblest and flabbiest chief which the wigwam has had from Mooney's and Burr's time, a century ago, down to today.

It is safe to predict that Murphy's days of authority will not be long in the land. Back to the rum-shop!

The Plain Truth.

[T MIGHT, perhaps, go without saying that Secretary

Hay will be retained in his present position in the event of the re-election of President Roosevelt, but it is well that a positive announcement to that effect has been made. It is inconceivable that Secretary Hay should be retired from the Cabinet except from some such compelling cause as ill health, and there is, happily, no apparent sign that his physical vigor has suffered serious impairment from the long and exhausting strain which seven years of continuous service have put upon it. Doubtless if Secretary Hay consulted his personal feelings in the matter he would wish soon to be relieved of the arduous duties of the post which he has filled so long and with such conspicuous success, but the country still needs him as it needs few other men, and we are confident that he will remain where he is throughout Mr. Roosevelt's administration for another four years, imparting to it in the future, as he has in the past, elements of strength such as no other living man could impart. We are certain, moreover, that the assurance of Mr. Hay's retention at the head of the Department of State will help to draw many independent votes to the Republican ticket in November.

IN HIS NOTABLE address made at one of the sessions of the peace congress in Boston, the Hon. Oscar S. Straus, who is a member of The Hague court, declared that the friends of international peace everywhere could not, in his judgment, address themselves to a more practical and imperative subject than in ascertaining and developing the most acceptable and effective method as to how and by whom the initiative is to be invoked and applied in bringing disputes between nations to The Hague tribunal. "I cannot speak with authority," he said, "or with even an intimate knowledge of facts, but I may be permitted to express the feeling of disappointment, which was shared by many, that, largely growing out of the failure of an international understanding for invoking the initiative as contemplated by the treaty, the full force and moral effect of the treaty could not be or was not applied to a supreme effort to avert the appalling war now raging with such lurid and destructive heroism between Russia and Japan. Under the treaty the right to offer good offices or mediation appertains to the Powers even during the course of hostilities, and it is provided that the exercise of this right shall never be regarded as an unfriendly act." Russia has given the world to understand several times since the present conflict began that she would resent any attempt at mediation from outside sources, but since Russia is largely responsible for the creation of The Hague treaty it is hard to understand how she could refuse to recognize that article of the treaty to which Mr. Straus alludes, for it is very clear and explicit.

THE DECIDED advantage of having a President who does things, and is not afraid to do them at any time and under all circumstances, is distinctly shown once more by the President's order in reference to the terrible Slocum disaster, in which more than a thousand lives of helpless women and little children were sacrificed in the harbor of New York. After this appalling catastrophe President Roosevelt was charged by sensational Tammany Hall organs with partial responsibility for an inefficient steamboat-inspection service at this port. The President's answer was the immediate appointment of a commission, made up of the best experts in the service and in the army and navy. Their report shows how promptly and intelligently their duty was performed. They place the blame on the shoulders of several employes of the government, including local inspectors and a supervising inspector. Promptly indorsing this report, the President, in a characteristic letter, dismisses the offending officials from the public service, calls for the indictment and prosecution of every employe of the steamboat company in any wise responsible for the conditions which produced the disaster, directs the immediate weeding out of all unfit and incapable men on the inspection force, and orders a searching investigation of the supervising inspector-general's department. The President also suggests practical and much-needed amendments to the regulations and the passage of new laws by Congress in order to remove all further causes of danger. It is not surprising that the families of the victims of the Slocum disaster unite in giving thanks to President Roosevelt for the thoroughness with which, in the midst of a thousand pressing cares, he has performed this great public service.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

THE NEW YORK State building at the St. Louis exposition has been the scene of numerous notable functions, and distinguished visitors from many parts of the world have been entertained there. Among those who have contributed largely to the success of the various social events which have taken place in this fine edifice is to be numbered the hostess of the building, Mrs. Doré Lyon, of New York.

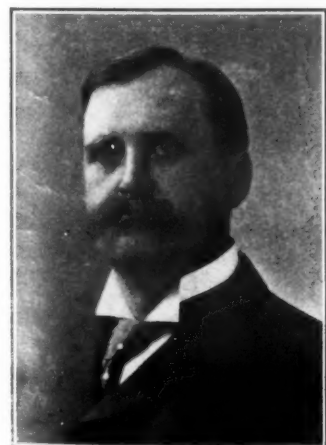


MRS. DORÉ LYON,
Hostess of the New York State
building at the world's fair.

and of versatile talent. She is one of the most influential clubwomen in the metropolis, being the head of the Eclectic Club, and also president of the New York City Federation of Women's Clubs, an organization comprising a total membership of some 7,000. As the editor of the *Clubwoman*, Mrs. Lyon's name is familiar to many thousands of the associated women of this country. Mrs. Lyon is the author of a popular novel, and she is an excellent public speaker. She is prominently identified with the scheme to establish a trade school for girls in New York, and she is a strong candidate for the position of president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which is now in annual session at Syracuse. If elected she will undoubtedly make a most efficient president.

REMINISCENCES OF Bismarck appear in the journal of Herr Eugen Wolf, extracts from which have been published in the *Velhagen and Klashing's Review*. Speaking of an occasion on which he was dining with Emperor William I., Bismarck remarked: "The bottle of wine was Steinberger Cabinet of the 1862 brand. The Emperor told me that I was to drink daily a liqueur-glass of it. He was, however, unacquainted with my drinking capacity, for what I once put to my lips I take good care to empty. I did not drink the bottle in the Emperor's presence, but *en petit comite*." Herr Wolf once observed that good progress was being made in the German champagne industry, upon which Bismarck said: "German champagne does not agree with me. On one occasion, in Berlin, German champagne was handed around the table of the present Emperor. A napkin being wrapped around the bottle, I was unable to see the label, but on tasting it I noticed immediately that the champagne was German, and I accordingly put down my glass."

A LEADING political topic just now in Massachusetts is the victory which the "McKinley Reciprocity" Republicans have won in the State convention, by the adoption of their reciprocity plank as a part of the platform. The credit for this victory is by common consent awarded chiefly to Eugene Noble Foss, of Boston, who has stood staunchly within the Republican party for this issue. Two years ago Mr. Foss began his campaigning to secure more liberal trade relations with our northern neighbors. He has since fought for the principle continuously on every available occasion, notably at the Republican spring convention of this year; whence, apparently defeated, he emerged to continue the contest with a tenacity which aroused public admiration and established his leadership in a movement that enlisted sixty thousand Republican signers to a petition for a reciprocity plank in the State platform, and swept the reciprocity idea to triumph in Massachusetts. Mr. Foss is now running for Congress in the Eleventh Massachusetts District, Boston's best business section. As a progressive manufacturer he says: "I never have doubted that the masses of the Republican party were in favor of true reciprocity. This proves again that the Republican party always is responsive to appeals for consistency and progress." Mr. Foss's election will add to the Republican delegation in the House a man "who does things." His brother, George Edmund Foss, of Illinois, is now serving his fifth term in Congress, and is chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs.



EUGENE NOBLE FOSS,
Leading Republican advocate of reciprocity,
nominated for Congress in Boston.
Copyright, 1902, by J. E. Purdy.

THREE YEARS ago Albert Winter, son of an English bill-poster, sailed for Melbourne and afterward went to New Zealand, where he worked in the mines at Grannity Creek, near West Port. His relatives heard from him for the first time since his departure only a month ago. His mother has now received a letter from him in which he said he was coming home with \$375,000. He had, it appears, stopped at the edge of a creek in the Mokihuni district and picked up a stone to throw at a wood-pigeon. Something in the stone attracted his attention, and, examining it closely, he found that it was gold-bearing quartz. Without loss of time Winter took out miner's rights, and then, with a mate, pegged out his claim. Subsequently he sold his interest for \$375,000, and with this he is now on his way to his native town, where his good fortune will enable him to figure as one of the local magnates. Doubtless his success will spur many another to fruitless adventure in the gold regions.

PRINCE GEORGE of Greece is on a tour of the European capitals, from which, it is supposed, he will not return to Crete. He has proved himself an incompetent high commissioner, and, after drawing all power into his own hands, mastering the local parliament, and virtually suppressing the press, has shown himself incapable of using the authority thus acquired. The resulting discontent has reached almost the point of revolution; the prince admits his failure, and with his people advocates union with Greece. It must come to that in the end; but Crete seems to require in its own interests an interregnum during which a wise and strong administrator, appointed by the Powers—a man like Baron Kallay or Lord Cromer—could once more make the laws supreme, remove discontent, and restore the public fortune. The period of his rule need not be more than ten years, and it should be prefaced by a definite promise that at the end of that time Crete would be permitted to choose between a continued autonomy and union with Greece. At present the subjection of the island to the caprices and intrigues of the Parliament of Athens would almost certainly result in an anarchy which would again call for the interference of the Powers.



PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE,
Who advocates a union of Crete
with Greece.

AS ALL THE world now knows pretty well, his Majesty, Abdul Hamid, Sultan of Turkey, has among his other failings that of entertaining a settled and morbid suspicion against all who are near of kin to him, prompted by the belief that they are harboring designs upon his person or his throne. He is, in fact, a highly uncomfortable person to be connected with in any way, and the closer the connection the more uncomfortable he is, for there can be no telling when Abdul Hamid's suspicion will take definite form in the shape of an order of imprisonment or something worse. At least three of his uncles and nephews are now languishing in prison for indefinite terms for reasons known only to the Sultan himself, while a number of other near relatives have "mysteriously disappeared" after being summoned into the presence of the tyrant at the Yildiz Kiosk. One of the last persons to fall a victim to the Sultan's displeasure was his nephew, Prince Loutfoullah, son of Mahmoud Damad Pasha. For some years this young man, together with his father and an elder brother, resided in Paris, where they engaged in a propaganda directed to the reform of the Turkish government and the possible deposition of Abdul Hamid. Now, a desire to reform anything in the government of Turkey is always regarded by the Sultan as high treason, and these three daring agitators in Paris were promptly condemned to death. Not happening, however, to be within reach of their excellent relative, the three continued their treasonable efforts until a year ago, when the father died at Brussels, and the sons, running out of funds, were compelled to abandon their work. A few months ago the younger son, Prince Loutfoullah, ventured back to Constantinople in disguise in order to raise money. Here he was betrayed by a follower into the hands of the police, taken to the Yildiz palace, and, after going through the form of a trial, sentenced to death. This sentence his amiable uncle, the Sultan, graciously commuted to life imprisonment in a fortress—a doubtful act of mercy, considering the conditions and treatment of the unhappy wretches doomed to confinement in a Turkish dungeon. In all probability Prince Loutfoullah will never be heard of again.



PRINCE LOUTFOULLAH,
Condemned by his uncle, the Turkish
Sultan, to life imprisonment.

PETER KARAGEORGEVITCH, by grace of assassination ruler of Serbia, has at last been formally inducted into office, a crowned and anointed King. The ceremony was performed at Zieka, Serbia, on October 2d. At an early-morning hour King Peter, amid the pealing of bells, in full coronation robes, proceeded to the church, where the metropolitan innocent, attended by an array of bishops and clergy, celebrated High Mass. The King, being then formally invited to anointment by the bishops, laid aside his crown, regalia, and sword and proceeded to the Ikonostas, where he took up his position on a gold-embroidered carpet, and where the metropolitan, taking an ampulla containing the holy chrism in one hand and the anointing rod in the other, touched his Majesty with the rod on the forehead, nostrils, mouth, ears, chest, and palms of the hands, making each time the sign of the cross and saying, "The seal of the grace of the Holy Ghost." The crown worn on this occasion was so heavy that the King was obliged to remove it before the ceremony was over. The King was then conducted to the altar and partook of the Communion, afterward returning to the throne, where he resumed his royal emblem.

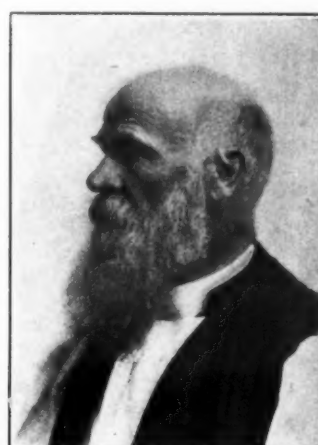


KING PETER,
Formally crowned at last as
ruler of Serbia.

ORGANIZED and scientific study of birds and bird life is under way on the estate of Charles C. Worthington, near the Delaware Water Gap, under direction of William E. D. Scott, curator of Princeton's ornithological museum. With him will be associated Bruce Horsfall, painter and illustrator. Mr. Horsfall will be remembered for his charming and sympathetic illustrations in Dallas Lore Sharp's two nature books, "Rood and Meadow" and "Wild Life Near Home." The fact that Mr. Horsfall has been working with the Princeton scientist for two years explains this rare sympathy and charm of the artist's drawings.

AMONG THE other admirable traits of the great artist, Watts, whose death the world is lamenting, was a hatred of gambling in all its forms. He could not bear to hear girls speak at dinner tables of their winnings, and he did not think that money which represented no value given was in any case honorably won. "How despicable," he would say, "to take money, giving no equivalent! How shabby to desire personal advantage only possible by another's loss!"

ALMOST THE only disturbing incident which occurred to mar the otherwise dignified and orderly proceedings of the great Episcopal convention just held in Boston was when the venerable Bishop Tuttle, of Missouri, who presided over the House of Bishops, so far forgot the proprieties of the occasion as to allude in somewhat disparaging terms to the Democratic candidate for the presidency and to the church at Kingston in which Judge Parker is a vestryman, and of which his son-in-law is rector. The allusion occurred in the course of some remarks made by the bishop on the subject of missionary contributions and stingy churches. "I have in mind," said he, "a small parish on the Hudson River in New York, a parish with not more than a hundred communicants, which did not contribute anything at all to our missionary fund last year." The bishop went on to speak of the "conspicuous personage" who is a resident of this parish, and concluded by expressing the belief that if this gentleman should be elected President of the United States he would "find that this land of ours has a great deal to do with the rest of the world, and maybe he will send back to that parish on the Hudson a Parthian arrow, a message that there is need for generous gifts in the service of Christ." An immediate protest against this utterance was made by another bishop, a member of the house, and Bishop Tuttle himself, realizing immediately after what a serious indiscretion he had been guilty of, arose and made a humble and contrite apology for what he termed "a gross indecorum."



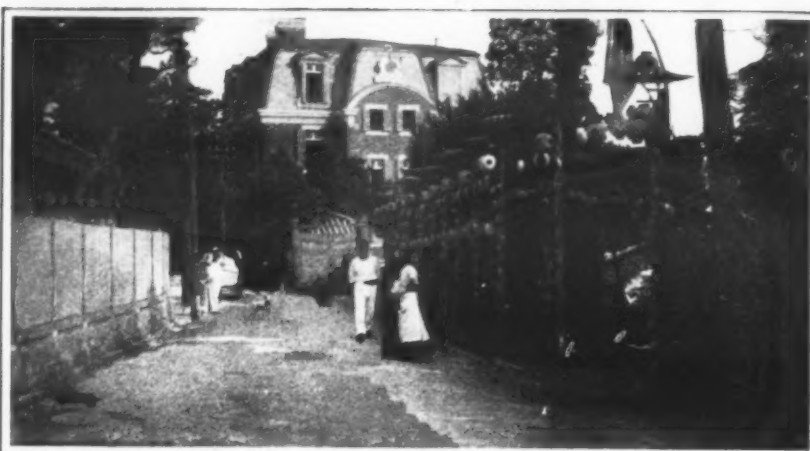
BISHOP TUTTLE,
Whose reference to Judge Parker was a
dramatic incident in the Episcopal
convention.—Courtesy The Churchman.

∴ An American Woman Tells How the Japs Celebrate Victories ∴

By Eleanor Franklin, our special correspondent in Japan



BEWILDERING WEALTH OF DECORATIONS IN MOTO MACHI, YOKOHAMA, DURING THE CELEBRATION OF THE LIAO-YANG VICTORY.—Eleanor Franklin



"THE BLUFF," THE FOREIGN QUARTER OF YOKOHAMA, CELEBRATES JAPAN'S SUCCESS. Eleanor Franklin.

YOKOHAMA, October 15th, 1904.

IT WAS THE most exuberant thing I ever saw. It was not organized. It was not premeditated—not a bit of it. It sprang into being by one impulse—an impulse that was a nation's joyous heart-throb, an impulse million-tongued, exultant, with a single cry: "Banzai!" It was the greatest popular outburst of enthusiasm ever seen in Japan, and the oldest European resident looked on astounded. It was not celebration merely—it was explosion.

The previous day the official report of the capture of Liao-yang had been carried from house to house all over the city, to every *yashiki* and *jinka*, to every palace and cottage, by the swift-footed boys jingling their bunches of excited little bells. How one jumps at the sound nowadays. It means "Extra! Extra!" and any great news is possible. But could such an extra be so modest in any other country but Japan? Not in America, surely! That laconic bit of an announcement under a single unpretentious head-line, to the effect that the Japanese had succeeded in occupying Liao-yang, was as unprecedented in the history of modern journalism as the victory it proclaimed was unique in the history of nations; but it was enough to make the nation forget its studied stoicism in one glorious outburst of jubilation.

I went down town in the afternoon to "see the decorations," but I didn't expect much. I had seen Japan decorated before. A few flags on crossed bamboo saplings over the narrow streets, some lanterns in the flag patterns stretched along under the low eaves of the little houses, a few small banners and pennants—little else. Because Japan is poor, you know—poor, even at best—and now she must give, give, even unto the last copper *rin*, for the soldiers winning glory for her name at the front, so she is careful. And lavish decoration is expensive, isn't it? Individuals find it so, but I suppose it is not, very, when every living soul contributes something, everything possible to him or her, unreservedly into the general fund.

Down in Moto Machi, one of the principal Japanese business streets in Yokohama, the scene was one to put heart into a graven image. It was quite indescribable, just as the deep underthrob of joy felt subconsciously at every step was indescribable. The picture I got of it is no picture at all. It is dumb and lifeless, and does, therefore, convey no idea that one wishes it might. One must breathe life into it, and color. A blaze of red and white, relieved by countless multi-colored banners and pennants, all fluttering joyously in the breeze under a cloudless sky. The flags of Japan are especially effective for decorative purposes, and when one adds to them—countless thousands of them—blazing red suns against fields of spotless white, myriad paper lanterns of the same pattern in perfectly even rows under the low eaves, the effect is absolutely unique.

One drove for miles and miles, over many bridges,

under countless arches thrown hurriedly across street entrances, but not one foot could one move without passing under the flag of *Dai Nippon* in some form, and not one step could one take without feeling that great heart-throb of patriotic fervor. It was gleaming in every face, it voiced itself from every lip, it found expression in every swinging footfall, its breath was in the breeze that fanned the million flags into fluttering excitement. And this was all in the daytime, when business should have been a-doing, but nobody thought of business. With one accord the shopkeepers had put away their goods and made their booth-like establishments into places of festivity. Spreading bright-red blankets down upon their polished floors, they brought out *tobako-bons* and tea-trays and sat down in family groups to watch the progress of the decoration, and to enjoy to the utmost the typhoon of enthusiasm which swept away for the instant all distinctions among men.

And wasn't it fine! The Dewey parade in New York and the Queen's jubilee in London were stately affairs compared with it. They were prepared. This wasn't. It just took place. At night, when all the lanterns were lighted and every soul who could procure one carried it gleaming on a long bamboo pole which swayed and swung in the air, the scene was—was Japanese, that's all. In the parade there were forty thousand people. There was a drum-corps or band about every ten yards. Some of them were playing "Marching through Georgia," some of them the weird

to make themselves seem terrible to their opponents. They grunt and groan even at play, and on this day of rejoicing they simply united all the sounds they know how to make in the one incessant cry, "*Dai Nippon Banzai!*" We couldn't escape the parade. We made a difficult way through Honcho dori, thinking to come into Benton dori, where we might enjoy the spectacle of the marvelous decorations and illuminations; but in Benton dori there was the parade, or a section of it, dancing along under a million bobbing paper lanterns. They didn't march; not even when they immediately followed a band making a very creditable attempt at "A Hot Time in the Old Town To-night." They cake-walked, a few of them who had completely forgotten their Japanese dignity, and I saw a crowd of students, a bit the worse for *saké*, giving a bad imitation of a civilized two-step behind a band of half-grown boys playing a weird combination of an American syncopated classic and a *geisha* wail on a dozen accordions and a couple of big bass drums. Was ever such a band! How did it ever happen to occur to the Japanese mind that a number of accordions together would produce good martial music? I hear them in the narrow street down below my veranda every day now, and the boys are getting ambitious—they are practicing Sousa marches.

Then there were floats in the parade, one rather good one which had evidently been prepared for the celebration of the inevitable fall of Port Arthur. It was Port Arthur fully occupied by jubilant Japanese, who were planting the sun-flag on the bristling ramparts. There were writhing sea-serpents in the water that broke in white-crested waves against the beetling cliffs, and Japanese soldier-boys disporting fearlessly among them. Then, of course, there were papier-mâché cannon and battle-ships, and scenes in Manchuria. And there were banners innumerable, some of them bearing good cartoons which set the happy people into roars of laughter. One that was especially appreciated was a picture of a cock-fight in which the great Russian bird, drawn out of all proportion, was being badly worsted by a little bantam with slanting eyes and an otherwise very Jappy countenance. The tiniest schoolboy understood that, because cockfighting is a favorite amusement among Japanese youths.

In the midst of it all one could not but reflect, of course, upon the fearful price the little island empire had paid for this victory which was causing such feverish rejoicing, but somehow it seemed right, just as it should be, and one couldn't feel sorry for the boys who had gone down to glorious death that their country, loved above all things, might sing a joy-song for their requiem. It seemed so much more worth while than the ordinary way of life and death that one began to understand *Yamato-damashii*, the spirit of old Japan that longs for such an end of being. It is not an end, it is a consummation; and who would weep for it except in divine thanksgiving and eternal hope?



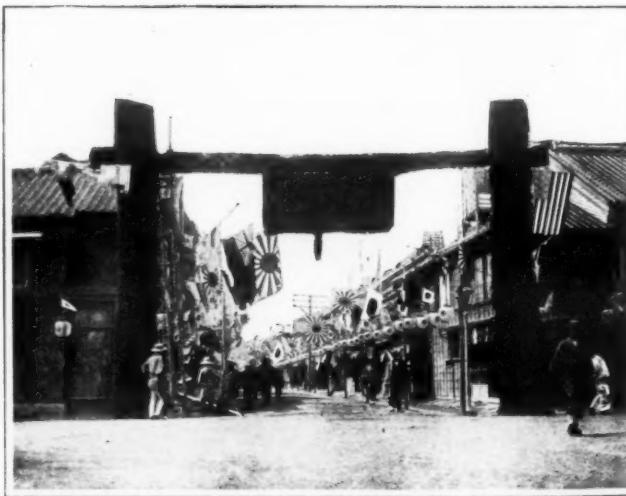
SECTION OF MOTO MACHI WHICH WAS A PERFECT BLAZE OF COLOR DURING THE LIAO-YANG CELEBRATION. Eleanor Franklin.



YOKOHAMA PROFUSELY DECORATED IN HONOR OF THE JAPANESE VICTORY AT LIAO-YANG.—F. J. Nutter.

national anthem; others were attempting "Dixie" and "God Save the King," while many simply made a noise. At least, it sounded like mere noise to me. Maybe it was Japanese music, but the instruments were not Japanese; they were cornets and trombones and big bass horns and fifes and drums. Such a lot of drums! And they don't beat them like Christians; they pound them like madmen, yelling at the same time something which would be just "Banzai!" if it were spoken without such frills and vocal furbelows as only a Japanese youth knows how to make.

The Japanese, be it known, make queer noises all the time. They just seem to find it necessary. If they must pull a heavy load up a hill they must do it to the rhythm of a doleful chant. If they are at sword practice, or most any other kind of athletics, they must shriek like demons



EVERGREEN ARCH THROWN ACROSS THE ENTRANCE TO BENTON DORI, YOKOHAMA, ON LIAO-YANG DAY.—Eleanor Franklin.

The Mexico of To-day and To-morrow

By Charles M. Harvey

SEÑOR DON RAMON CORRAL, Vice-President of the republic of Mexico, has just been visiting the St. Louis world's fair as a personal representative of President Diaz, and has made a tour of other American cities. By a constitutional amendment recently adopted by the Mexican people the office of Vice-President of the republic was established, and Señor Corral is its first incumbent.

Vice-President Corral was born in the State of Sonora, has been a representative from that State in Congress, has been the State's Vice-Governor and Governor, and has been Governor of the Federal District and Secretary of the Interior in the Cabinet of President Diaz. He is in the prime of life, is mentally and physically alert, and is one of Mexico's most energetic, capable, and progressive statesmen.

When Señor Corral was chosen Vice-President everybody in Mexico and out of it felt that this placed him in the direct line of succession to the higher office. General Diaz at that time called him a "President in reserve." The designator makes this designation particularly significant. Elected for his first term in 1876, General Diaz has been President continually ever since, except for four years, and he has recently been chosen for another term, which has been lengthened to six years by a constitutional amendment adopted in 1903.

But President Diaz is seventy-four years of age. Though still physically and mentally strong, he is anxious to retire from office. Previous to retirement he is said to desire to make a tour of the United States and Europe. Under the Mexican constitution, as under that of the United States, the Vice-President goes to the head of affairs in the event of the death, resignation, absence, or inability of the President to perform his duties. During General Diaz's expected absence next year or the year after, his "President in reserve" will go to the front. Vice-President Corral is a personage of very great interest to Mexico and to the world in general, particularly to the United States.

His country is one of the great nations of the globe. In area, Mexico is not far from being as large as all the United States east of the Mississippi. Its population is greater than that of any other Latin-American nation except Brazil, and it is growing faster than Brazil. The census of 1900 showed 13,546,000 inhabitants in Mexico at that time, and as these had been increasing at the rate of 2,500,000 in a decade, its present population is in the neighborhood of 14,800,000. It will have more than 16,000,000 people by 1910.

Mexico's imports of merchandise and the precious metals have averaged about \$75,000,000 annually in the past two or three years, and its exports have just touched the \$200,000,000 mark. Of both imports and exports much more than half are with the United States. Its government's revenue in the fiscal year 1903 was \$76,000,000 and its expenditures were \$68,000,000. It has been the aim of President Diaz to ac-



A RECENT DISTINGUISHED VISITOR AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.
SEÑOR DON RAMON CORRAL, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC OF MEXICO, AND PROBABLE SUCCESSOR OF PRESIDENT DIAZ.

cumulate a surplus every year. That prudent executive, too, has reduced Mexico's bonded debt by very nearly fifty per cent. since his early days in the presidency, and that part of it payable in gold now amounts to a little over \$100,000,000.

At the time when General Diaz first entered office, in 1877, there were only 283 miles of railway in Mexico. In 1904 there are 13,000 miles of main track road in that country, much of it as good as any to be found in the United States or elsewhere. That country has 45,000 miles of telegraph, 2,000 post-offices, and has a greater supply of schools than any other Latin-American country. Of the 2,000 newspapers of various sorts between the Rio Grande and Cape Horn, 550 are in the Mexican republic. General Diaz is an ardent advocate of schools, newspapers, and railways as agencies for the advancement of a people, and Vice-President Corral holds the same view.

In mineral resources Mexico holds a high place among the countries of the world. Her gold yield in

1903 was \$11,000,000, and silver, commercial value, \$38,000,000. Mexico is the largest silver producer on the globe, the remainder of the world last year producing only \$54,000,000 of that metal, \$29,000,000 of which was furnished by the United States. Her copper product in 1903 was \$18,000,000. She is also a large producer of lead, platinum, zinc, and many other metals, but her stores of each of them have scarcely been touched as yet, notwithstanding the fact that 1,600 titles for mining property had been granted by President Diaz's government in the first half of the present fiscal year.

As in all the other modern nations, the growth of cities in Mexico has been rapid. The City of Mexico, the capital of the republic, had 345,000 inhabitants in 1900, or a little more than Cincinnati or San Francisco, and almost as many as Buffalo or Cleveland. The drainage of the capital has been accomplished by one of the finest pieces of sanitary engineering to be found in the world. The city has pavements, parks, public buildings, an electric-lighting system, and transportation facilities equal to those of any metropolis in the world. Among the republic's other prominent cities are Guadalajara, Puebla, Leon, Monterey, San Luis Potosi, Merida, Guanajuato, Pachuca, Durango, Chihuahua, Vera Cruz, and Guaymas, Vera Cruz being the republic's principal port on the Gulf of Mexico and Guaymas its chief Pacific port.

President Diaz has abolished insurrections and revolutions. He has made it easier for Vice-President Corral and his other successors to rule when their turn comes. Mexico, once the most turbulent of all the Latin-American nations, which changed its official head almost as often as Hayti and Santo Domingo do now, has developed into one of the most stable and conservative of all the countries of the world. This transformation is one of the legacies which President Diaz will leave to his people.

Naturally Mexico's political and social advancement has attracted capital from all over the world. It is estimated that something like five hundred million dollars of foreign money is invested in Mexico's railways, mines, and other interests, two-thirds of which has been furnished by the United States. The business and social relations between the United States and its great neighbor on the other side of the Rio Grande, moreover, are growing more and more intimate every year. In all the financial markets of the world Mexico's credit stands high.

Mexico's governmental system is modeled closely on that of the United States. Power is distributed, as with us, between the executive, the legislature, and the judiciary. Education is free and is becoming more and more general. As with us, there is a complete severance between church and state. All sorts of religious belief and non-belief are on an equality before the law. For President Diaz's and Vice-President Corral's country the future holds out its choicest prizes.

Our Captured Correspondent At Liao-yang

By Frederick McCormick, our special correspondent with the Russian army

NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA, }
September 11th, 1904. }

I CAME IN here to-day under guard—a prisoner—from Liao-yang, where I was captured by the Japanese after the greatest battle in the world's history. On the assurance of a member of the staff of the Russian General Sassulitch, with whose corps I was, that the evacuation of Liao-yang would not take place before September 4th, I had been devoting most of my attention to caring for the wounded. Some of the scenes about the doomed city were ghastly and frightful, and the suffering, especially among the Chinese, was intense. For instance, on the third day of the fighting 220 wounded persons had been brought into the Chinese Red Cross station. The Japanese, finding that the Russians were taking shelter under the walls of the city, had begun to shell the city itself, and the consequent slaughter among the Chinese was horrible.

As is generally the case, the Russian headquarters did not comprehend the gravity of the situation until the last moment. The consequence was that on the night of September 3d they were compelled to evacuate in haste, and I was surprised in another part of the city at the Chinese Red Cross station. The other correspondents had left some time before, but, relying on the Russian statements, I had remained. With no announcement the Russian sentries were withdrawn and the pontoon bridges across the Taitse River were removed. Thus it happened that when I least expected it three officers from the staff of General Nodzu took me into custody.



PRINCE PUSHIMI,
Successful general in the far-East war, and adopted brother of the Emperor of Japan.—*Johnston.*



VICE-ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY,
Commander of the Russian Baltic fleet, which bombarded a flotilla of British fishing-boats.

TWO CONSPICUOUS FIGURES IN THE EVENTS OF THE TIME.
RUSSIAN VICE-ADMIRAL ROJESTVENSKY, WHOSE FLEET FIRED ON BRITISH FISHING-VESSELS IN THE NORTH SEA, KILLING TWO MEN AND WOUNDING MANY AND JAPANESE PRINCE PUSHIMI, WHO IS COMING HERE TO STRENGTHEN AMERICAN AND JAPANESE TIES OF FRIENDSHIP.

After the beginning of the Russian retreat northward I was still in the city, and saw both the entire fighting and the retreat as well. No other correspondent on the Russian side saw the whole thing, therefore, as I did. Arriving at Newchwang I was released under parole, and have hired a junk to carry my photographs across to Tien-Tsin, whence they will be forwarded to you, together with a revised copy of the dispatches to the press, which I filed immediately after

the battle and which constituted a "scoop." There is no present prospect that I shall be able to rejoin the Russian army.

My experiences while with Kuropatkin's forces were often more interesting than agreeable. Liao-yang, as I found it, was a typical Russified Manchurian city—with the squat squalor of a Chinese section and a Russian official suburb of gray brick. The first impression I received of the town as I descended from the train was more favorable than closer investigation warranted, for about the railway station the official town was built in a sort of barracks square, but of very limited area. From the platform of the station away to the right a distant blue mountain marks the beginning of a series of hills which the Russians counted on as bulwarks of defense against the victorious armies of the Mikado advancing from the south. On the west a broad, flat, alluvial plain, every square inch under the most intensive cultivation, stretches smoothly away until it drops off on the horizon, below which is the Liao River. To the north is the long Liao valley through which runs the serpentine line of the railroad, built on a slight embankment which upholds this invaluable means of northward communication a few feet above the impassable mud and floods of the rainy season. It is a beautiful country, where only the combatants are vile.

Continued on page 414.

As a health-giver, no tonic made equals Abbott's Angostura Bitters. Druggists and grocers.



THE GREAT RUSH OF FLEEING RUSSIANS AT THE RAILWAY BRIDGE, TWO MILES FROM THE CITY.



MAIN STREET IN LIAO-YANG, WITH JAPANESE FLAG DISPLAYED.



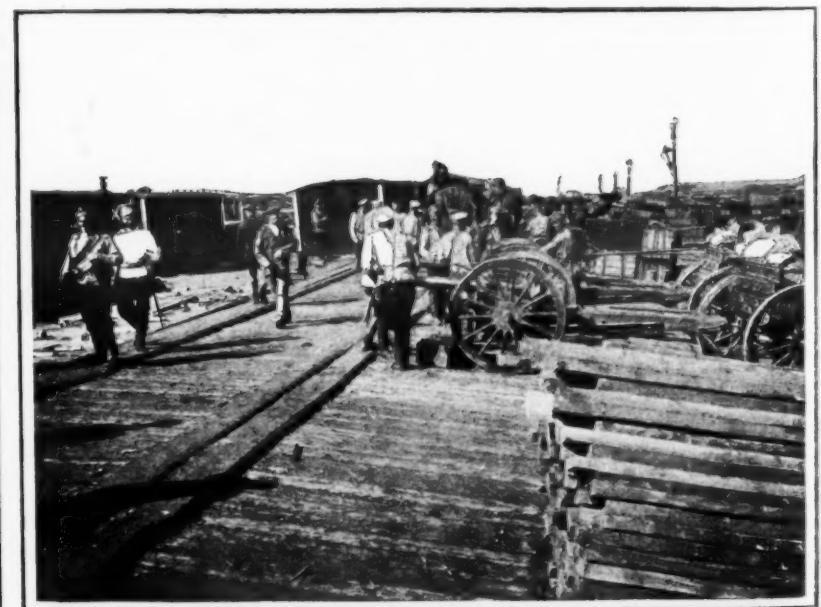
JAPANESE WOUNDED TAKEN TO HOSPITAL ON A CAR HAULED BY COOLIES, THE RUSSIANS HAVING LEFT NO ENGINES.



RUSSIAN TROOPS IN THE LAST PASS ON THE FENG-WANG-CHENG ROAD RETREATING TO LIAO-YANG.



CHINAMAN PUNISHED BY THE JAPANESE FOR LOOTING AT LIAO-YANG.



HURRYING RUSSIAN ARTILLERY NORTHWARD FROM LIAO-YANG TO PREVENT ITS CAPTURE.

SIGNAL DEFEAT OF THE CZAR'S BIG ARMY IN THE EAST.

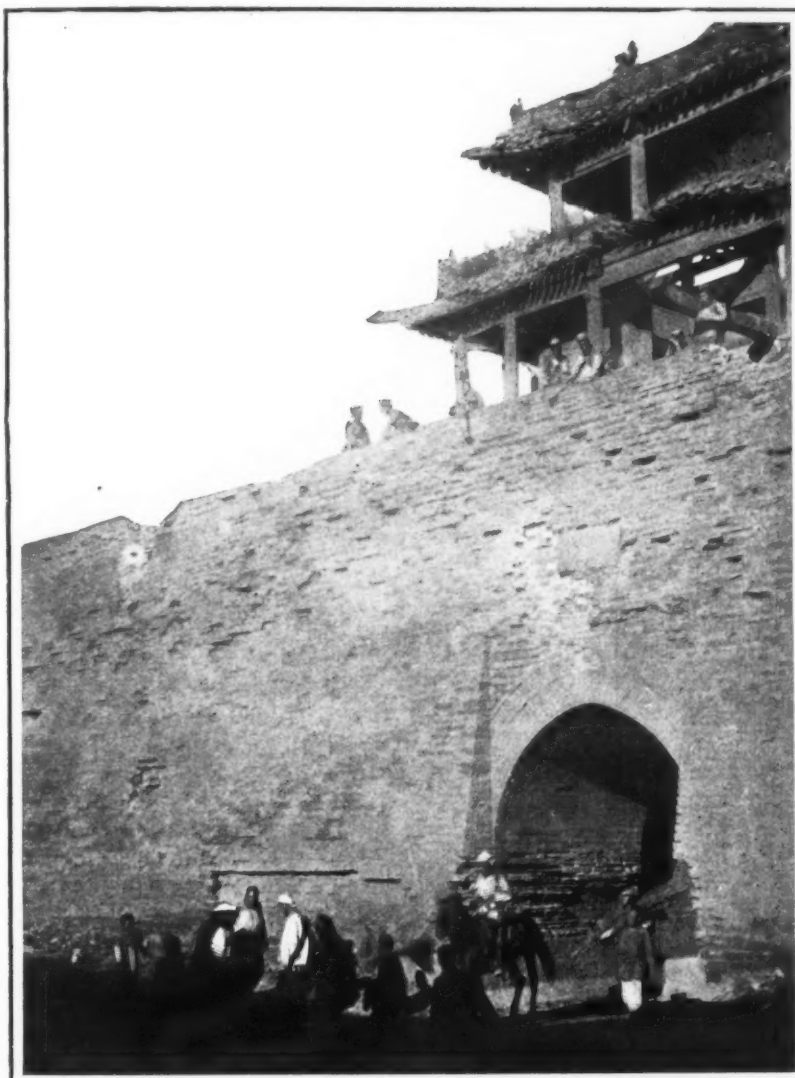
REAPING THE REWARD OF ARDUOUS MARCHES AND BLOODY BATTLES, THE JAPANESE GAIN POSSESSION OF LIAO-YANG.—*Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by Frederick McCormick, the only war correspondent who witnessed the entire battle of Liao-yang from the Russian side. See page 411.*



DETACHMENT OF COSSACKS NEAR THE WALL OF LIAO-YANG HASTENING AWAY TO MEET A FLANKING MOVEMENT.



DEFEATED RUSSIANS FLEEING BEFORE THE JAPANESE FROM LIAO-YANG ACROSS THE TAITSE RIVER.



WEST GATE IN THE SHELL-BATTERED WALL OF LIAO-YANG AFTER THE JAPANESE OCCUPIED THE TOWN.



BEARING THE RUSSIAN DEAD AWAY FROM THE MILITARY HOSPITALS NEAR THE LIAO-YANG STATION.



RUSSIAN OUTPOST ON A HILL NEAR LIAO-YANG WATCHING FOR THE JAPANESE ADVANCE.



HAULING THE RUSSIAN ARTILLERY-WAGONS OUT OF LIAO-YANG AS THE JAPANESE APPROACHED.

RUSSIANS DRIVEN FROM A GREAT MANCHURIAN STRONGHOLD.
 KUROPATKIN'S FORCES, HAVING FOUGHT FURIOUSLY FOR MANY DAYS, ABANDON STRONGLY-FORTIFIED LIAO-YANG TO THE JAPANESE.—*Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by Frederick McCormick, the only war correspondent who witnessed the entire battle of Liao-yang from the Russian side. See page 411.*

A Business Man's Plain Talk on the Tariff

By Ludwig Nissen

ENGLAND'S free-trade policy was inaugurated and maintained because her shipping controlled most all the seas. She had colonies all over the world which needed supplies of manufactured articles of all kinds. She could not manufacture the goods needed, and therefore invited those made in all parts of the world to come in free of duty. This did not interfere with her own manufactures—no matter how much cheaper they were—because they were re-shipped to foreign markets at good profits, very rarely being used for home consumption. This was the source of England's great wealth. In matters of trade and finance she dominated the world, because she was the creditor nation of the world. As long as those conditions continued, her power was undisputed. But the change came.

A nation's highest attainment of prosperity and greatness is the first signal of its decadence. As popularity is apt to beget haughtiness and impudence, so prosperity is apt to beget folly. English manufacturers in all branches of industry were getting very rich. The artisans were beginning to feel that they were not getting their share of the accumulated wealth of the country. They had no common-school system, and therefore no free education for their children. Trades-unions were formed and strikes were ordered. Many of the cheap manufactured goods imported from other countries found their way into the homes of England because of the scarcity of home products. Parliament became frightened and enacted a number of labor laws, because many of its members depended upon labor votes for retention of their seats. Some parliamentary busybodies thought they could cajole Englishmen into buying only English manufactured goods by an appeal to patriotism, and therefore proposed a law that all imported goods should have their nationality labeled upon them.

The law was passed, and it proved the death-knell to the supremacy of English commerce with the outer world—even with her own colonies. When, for instance, the foreign buyer realized that the goods he imported from England were made in Germany he knew that he was paying two profits on same, and naturally concluded that he would deal with the manufacturers direct and save to himself the profit of the middleman. As a consequence, the commerce of Germany grew and expanded very materially, while that of England became correspondingly contracted. While England kept clinging to her free-trade policy Germany had fortified her position by inaugurating a strong policy of protection, thereby preserving her home market to her own products as well as securing a large proportion of the foreign markets. In the meantime, America's beneficent policy of protection had so stimulated competition in manufactures of all kinds that it was necessary for that young offshoot to also find an outlet for her surplus products, which she did successfully, and of course made further encroachments upon the commerce of England. The net result of this divergence of policies between England on the one hand, and Germany and America on the other hand, has been to make England the dumping-ground for the major portion of German and American manufactures at cost or less than cost.

It is a well-known economic principle that it pays to keep mills and men fully employed to the limit of capacity and time, even if part of the product has to be disposed of in foreign markets without profit or with slight sacrifice, rather than to curtail the facilities for production and thereby reduce the earning capacity of the wage-workers. For, every dollar so realized from foreign countries for surplus products, goes into the pockets of the wage-earners and increases the wealth of the country maintaining such policy. The following illustration, taken from Josiah Strong's "Expansion," will serve to substantiate this statement: "In a certain industry the profits are well established, according to the tonnage put through. If the run is 600 tons per day, the profits are \$5,000 per month. If the run is 900 tons per day, the profits are \$20,000 per month. That is, by increasing the output fifty per cent. the profits are, in this instance, increased 300 per cent. If the extra 300 tons are sold at cost, it would leave the profits for the month \$13,000. So that the extra 300 tons per day could actually be sold for \$3,000 less than cost and then the profits for the month would be twice as large as if only 600 tons had been run.

"This will sound to many very like the familiar old story of the peanut woman who 'always sold a little below cost and made her money by selling a great many.' This statement, however, is capable of demonstration: 600 tons per day = 18,000 tons per month; 900 tons per day = 27,000 tons per month. Market price of the product, \$4.96 per ton. At 600 tons per day the cost is \$4.68 per ton, leaving a profit of 28 cents per ton. At 900 tons per day the cost is reduced to \$4.22, leaving a profit of 74 cents per ton. Now, 18,000 x 28 = \$5,040, the profits per month when only 600 tons are run per day; and 27,000 x 74 = \$19,980, the profits per month when 900 tons are run per day. If the entire increase of 9,000 tons is sold at cost, the 18,000 tons remaining would, at 74 cents per ton, make \$13,320 instead of \$5,040. So that these 9,000 tons might be sold for \$3,000 less than cost, and then leave profits of \$10,320 instead of \$5,040. Our laying hold of this principle was one of the reasons why we were able to enter European home markets, and it accounts

for the fact that many articles of American manufacture can be bought cheaper in Europe than here."

In this dilemma English thinkers began to realize that eventually the boasted financial and commercial supremacy of their country would vanish and she would likely soon take third place among the great commercial nations of the world. This realization was responsible for the birth of the party of "fair trade," which, however, has never flourished very much, due to the strong influence of the Cobden Club, which kept political leaders of both parties from declaring themselves as doubtful of the old policy of free trade, the belief in which had, with most Englishmen, become a sort of second religion. Failing in making converts to their new policy rapidly, the fair-trade party combined with the Cobdenites or free-trade party for a determined onslaught upon the very successful fiscal policy of the United States, which, just at that time (1892), had attained for that country the greatest measure of prosperity it had ever experienced.

This attempt was apparently made for two dominating reasons: First, they wanted to gain open entry into the markets of America—the greatest consuming country on earth. Second, they wanted to break down the policy which had enabled our young country to spring up as a successful rival of theirs in securing a strong foothold in the world's markets. The method employed was an ingenious one. The then popularity of Grover Cleveland, Democratic candidate for the presidency, was seized upon as their trump card. Cleveland was an avowed free-trader. His previous administration, in which he was absolutely powerless to do any mischief on account of an adverse Senate, was pointed to as one of conservatism and harmlessness. The great mass of voters, who were finally induced to use their franchises in favor of his election, were not enlightened upon the subject of his absolute inability during his former administration to execute his free-trade policy, and therefore had had no taste of what the result of such policy might be.

All classes of people were prosperous, but the workers were told, and induced to believe, that however good their condition was under the policy of protection, it would be still better, and very much better, under a policy of free trade; for, while all necessities of life would go down in price, labor would go up in price on account of greater demand for it, because of the enhanced opportunities for marketing our products. The farmers and tradesmen, true to their inborn human characteristic of not being able to let well-enough alone, after thirty years of operation of a policy of protection, were clamoring for a change, all under the tuition of the demagogues hired by English capital to preach and spread the gospel of free trade. Two of the former most influential metropolitan Republican journals were enlisted in the work—one under the editorship of an English writer, and the other under the ownership of one of the foremost merchants engaged in the import and export trade, while both of them have been charged with receiving large subsidies from the Cobden Club for the constant dissemination of its principles, though with great ostentation claiming to be most patriotically American.

These papers, and one or two in Massachusetts, were principally responsible for the creation of that large class of mugwumps who, by virtue of their eminent respectability, became so dangerously influential—and influentially dangerous—to the welfare of the country. Encouraged by this example, all the foreigners engaged in the importing business in the United States, and all the foreign shipping interests located in New York and Boston, doubled and re-doubled their usual efforts for the triumph of their cause, particularly by obtaining subscriptions of foreign cash to the Democratic campaign fund. How this campaign fund was used in a campaign of deceit and falsehood can best be illustrated by the following example. In some of the doubtful Western States, which it was thought necessary to carry to insure Democratic success, it became necessary to use practical, unanswerable arguments with the large farming population.

A lie openly uttered on the stump can be successfully contradicted, and usually acts as a boomerang. Therefore, this low and scurvy trick was employed: Peddlers were fitted out, toward the end of the campaign, to go into all the remote farming regions with tinware and other most necessary household utensils. These were offered for sale at two or three times their former usual prices. When the prospective purchasers expressed astonishment at the high prices of these common articles they were met with the bland statement that these prices were due to the passage of the McKinley tariff law, which had been enacted during the then current Republican administration. It is a matter of common knowledge that human sentiment can be worked upon through the effects upon the pocket-book much more easily than through powers of reasoning, and the trick was successful in making many converts. The day of election came without many of these deceitful practices having been discovered.

Grover Cleveland was elected. With him a Democratic House of Representatives and Legislatures of enough States to change the United States Senate from a Republican to a Democratic body, and thereby for the first time in thirty-two years putting both the executive and legislative branches of the government completely under the control of Democracy, elected

upon the issue of free trade vs. protection. It was the triumph of a policy dictated by foreign interests, won by the unscrupulous use of foreign money over the most beneficent policy ever conceived and put into practice by the American people. It is not necessary to recount the consequences. Every sane person knows the record of the blow received by American industries, and the immediate change from prosperity to unspeakable disaster and suffering.

It does not seem possible that any voter having lived through the anxious and turbulent years of 1893 to 1896 should want to try another experiment which should have the first suggestion of disturbing the fruitful policy of protection to American industries, embodying as they do both capital and labor. But now for the last and seemingly most convincing of all arguments. England, the great champion of free trade, has seen her folly. Her most powerful statesmen are openly advocating a policy of protection for her self-preservation, and in various parts of the United Kingdom are now being organized "Protective Tariff Leagues," and the best sentiment of England is now fighting against free trade.

Our Correspondent at Liao-yang.

Continued from page 411.

As for the city itself, however, and particularly the Chinese quarter, it is a mass of low, dirty booths and hovels, teeming with an unspeakable filth and stench. From the narrow central street this paradoxical mixture of life and decay radiates. The city wall of the once great ancient capital of Manchuria, marking an irregular square somewhat over a mile each way, is pierced by two gates—re-enforced as means of egress and ingress by numerous breaches made by practical Russian transport teamsters. The wall now bears the traces of the severe Japanese bombardment. Under the wall the river moat of the Taitse runs, and between it and the official city stands the great Liao-yang pagoda, an elongated dome of stone with the upper half curiously serrated. It was erected as a memorial of the expulsion of the Koreans from Manchuria. It is a trifle the worse for wear, as well it may be when the conquerors of the Koreans are doing coolie service for two other nations who are struggling for the country.

The railway station, which has been destroyed by the Japanese shells, was the centre of the foreign settlement and of what social life existed in Liao-yang in war-time. Here the big buffet dining-room supplied all that a café of a hotel might. This was the club for business, relaxation, and gossip. Here the little group of correspondents congregated regularly, chafing at the official restraints that would not permit them to send out the news with which the town was teeming. At night they met in the walled inclosure about the pagoda, where an enterprising Greek had established a beer-garden. Soldiers were everywhere about the town, and officers sat in groups about the little round tables with the band playing near the pagoda. There was much to write if only it were possible to hypnotize the censor into passing it through. Opportunities for correspondents at Liao-yang were, however, scarcely sufficient inducement to warrant staying, and while cables and telegraph wires fairly sizzled, the correspondent must maintain his exasperating silence.

As the Japanese armies drew nearer and the opposing forces began their gigantic struggle, it was heart-rending to be obliged, at the dictates of the censor, to suppress the "good stuff" that we could secure in abundance. We realized that the world was impatiently awaiting the story we had to tell, but we were powerless to meet its wishes. Five days of fierce and glorious fighting ended in a complete Japanese victory. The preliminary fighting and jockeying for positions ended on the 29th of August, and on the following day the Japanese began to close in on the Russians. At half a dozen points the guns of the opposing forces were very close to each other, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 30th General Kuropatkin's staff moved out of Liao-yang. On the night of September 3d, as I have already said, the remaining Russians hastily abandoned the town, and the Japanese entered and took possession of it. There is a prospect of additional tremendous fighting before the Russians reach their apparent next objective, Harbin, but even if Kuropatkin should turn on his tracks and again take the offensive, it is probable that Liao-yang is now in the hands of the Japanese to stay, for its use as a base must greatly strengthen the Japanese military situation.

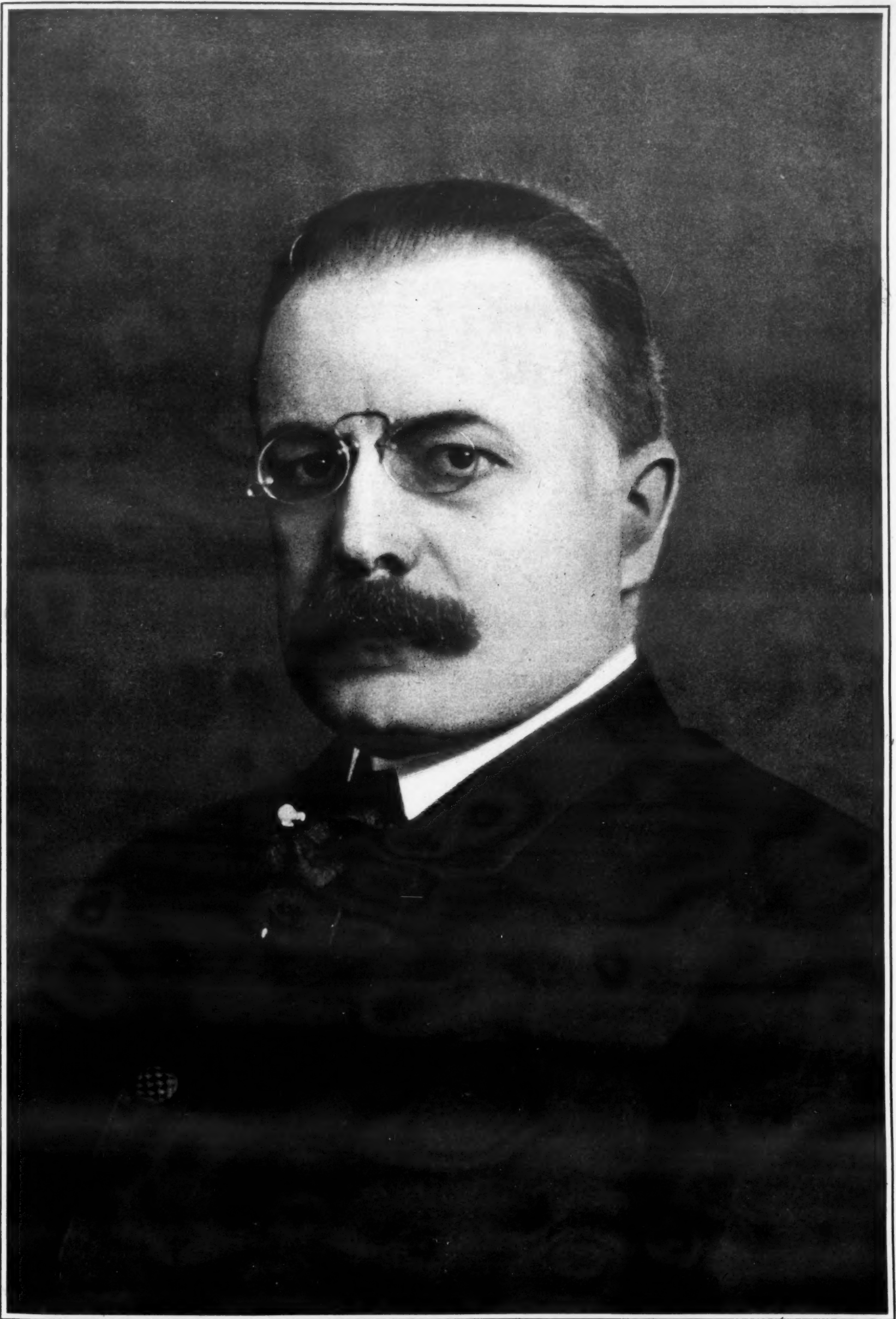
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THE EFFICIENT CHAIRMAN OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE, WHOSE MASTERLY MANAGEMENT OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S CAMPAIGN HAS MADE HIM THE SPECIAL OBJECT OF DEMOCRATIC ABUSE.

Photographed especially for Leslie's Weekly by C. M. Bell.

Jemima's Adventures in New York

No. 8.—She Spends Her Vacation at Lindenhurst

By Elizabeth Howard Westwood



"A CONTINGENT OF GIRLS—"

made to spread itself over two trunks—Miss Hodge had once made it three—and a dress-suit case.

Each Monday morning brought back a contingent of girls, brown and sunburned, to descant on the joys of vacation freedom and sing the praises of Berkshire farms and Jersey beaches. Not only Jemima's family, but the whole of Enfield Centre had begged her to spend her vacation at the farm. They had promised to get up a hay ride and a lawn social for her entertainment. But Jemima, the gay New York belle, was not to be lured to Enfield Centre by such inducements. She appeased them by a promise to come home for a month in the next dull season.

Cousin Carrie had gone back to Enfield Corners. Her mother was ailing this summer, although it was suspected that Otis Hart was also responsible for her return. Just how matters stood between him and Cousin Carrie no one knew. They had kept their own counsel. Whatever his success, he had spent an enthusiastic week in the city which had robbed him of a wife. The store delighted him particularly, and, after a bewildering tour of it, he announced that it beat Coney Island all hollow. It was evident that farming at Sharon was a paying business, and Mr. Hart was no niggard; not only did he treat the crowd with a lavish hand, but, aided by the advice of Mr. Connett, he bought an automobile—a purchase which placed him forever beyond the pale of metropolitan criticism.

Miss Andrews, who had secured a long vacation, had gone to Chautauqua, where she was pursuing a course in French especially designed for those contemplating foreign travel, and was attending a course of lectures on "Sojourns in Switzerland and the Rhine Country." After the conclusion of her studies she expected to visit Cousin Carrie for a few days before they both returned to New York.

The crowd had long hesitated between the mountains and the seashore, and had even at one time debated taking a cottage themselves for the two weeks and holding a house party. After a thorough study of time-tables and an exhaustive research among railroad folders, the ladies finally decided to lend their prestige to the summer place of the Federation of Professional Women's Clubs, while Mr. Connett undertook to put the gentlemen up at his fishing club on Jamaica Bay, some few miles distant. As members of the Harlem Social Club, they were entitled to all the privileges of the federation, among which was a two-weeks' sojourn at Lindenhurst. It was the old Wyman homestead, and dated back to Revolutionary times. Madame Wyman had taken an interest in the federation ever since they had first gone into summer quarters in a modest cottage on the cove. At her death, a few years previous, it was found that she had willed them Lindenhurst, and the federation had since led a summer existence of ease and elegance. She had left, also, an appropriation for keeping the house and grounds in repair, and this, together with the board paid by the visiting members, rendered the place self-supporting, while an annual fair supplied them with funds for making improvements from time to time.

Sade Robinson and Mayme Hardy had spent more than one summer at Lindenhurst, and it was their enthusiasm which had influenced the others to test its resources for themselves. But before the auspicious Saturday noon arrived on which their yellow envelopes contained three instead of one week's salary, the crowd was destined to lose temporarily two of its most cherished members, not by death, fortunately, but by marriage.

Early in June the assistant buyer of the gents' furnishing department had accepted the position of head buyer with Barnes & Shephard, the avowed and hated rival of Wise & Fox. By the lure of a raise in salary he had endeavored to take Mr. James Mulligan with him. And Mr. James Mulligan, with a view to hastening his nuptials, would have accepted on the spot, but for the pronounced sentiments of his fiancée. Miss Hodge put her foot down on it with a finality that brooked no arbitration. She had come to Wise & Fox as an errand-girl at the age of fifteen, when she had run away from her great-aunt in Tonawanda. She

had risen from that submerged position to the lofty height of trimmer and leading spirit of the most swagger set in the seventy-five departments. When she gave up that assured social position to marry a retainer of Barnes & Shephard, he must be of no lower rank than a member of the firm.

In this case Mr. Mulligan's loyalty was rewarded by something more substantial than the traditional compensation for virtue. He was offered the position vacated by the deserting assistant buyer. There was joy among the Hodges! A joy which could only find full expression in an evening at Manhattan Beach. Mr. Mulligan, flushed with the triumph of attainment, pleaded for an early marriage. The crowd stood aghast. What lady could get her trousseau together in less than six months? What chance did three weeks' preparation afford for a wedding modeled after the van Dam-Charlton sensation of the previous winter? Little did Mr. Mulligan care for trousseaux or wedding breakfasts. A bride and a clergyman were all he asked.

His promotion was in a fair way to prove an apple of discord when Mrs. Tim Davis stepped in as mediator. She had invited Miss Hodge and Jemima with their respective gentlemen friends down to her Long Island country place to spend a Sunday. To her the Gordian knot was presented. She produced an article on "Smart English Weddings," and found that Lady Dorothy Sunderland had been married just five days after her lover, Lord Algernon Wyndham-Hayden, had received his summons to South Africa. Her counsel was a reconciliation with the Tonawanda relatives, investment in ready-made clothes, a marriage in St. Peter's, and a select reception at the flat afterward.

The next morning Miss Gwendolyn Hodge's resignation was tendered to the Wise & Fox department store. Aunt Matilda and her husband, who had made a neat sum from his tannery, arrived from Tonawanda in the course of the week, and by the next Sunday arrangements were well under way. Mr. Mulligan had a friend in the printing business who not only gave them an inside price on printed invitations, but hustled them through on a rush order. These same invitations were imposing documents, with three auxiliary slips inclosed to the rabble—tickets of admission to the church, "at home" after October the fifteenth announcements, and cards bearing directions for reaching St. Peter's; while the elect received additional cards to the house.

The voice of even the most critical McQuire was hushed to a gasp of admiration when, on the wedding night, the bridal procession swept down the aisle of St. Peter's. Miss Hodge, arrayed in white crepe de chine, was accompanied to the altar by two flower-girls, three pages, a maid-of-honor, eight bridesmaids, and ushers to match. The Tonawanda great-uncle, in store clothes selected by Mr. Mulligan, gave her away. The non-combatant members of the Hodge crowd, together with distinguished guests, sat in reserved pews

many of its employees through marriage before the splendor of this occasion would be eclipsed.

The Mulligans were now at Niagara Falls, where, in spite of their wedding-tour bliss, they remembered their friends to the extent of illustrated post-cards. And Mr. Mulligan, who had specialized in polite correspondence at business college, was helping his wife compose suitable letters of thanks for her long list of elegant wedding presents.

The Hodge crowd were at last en route for Lindenhurst. Jemima and Mr. Connett had sought the secluded corner of the bow which engaged couples claim as their own. Mr. Connett had found that his battles were not all won when he had secured Jemima's promise to become his wife. Her coquetry had not languished during her engagement, and his increasing infatuation with the pretty young milliner was only equaled by his feverish desire to secure her out of the reach of the vagaries of fate.

"Jemima," he had said, drawing her back from the stiff harbor breeze into the shelter of the awning, "I think this would be a good time to let the crowd know we're engaged, don't you?"

"Not on your life," she replied, with a toss of her head. "It's too soon."

"But if we're married this fall—" he hesitated visibly.

"Now, see here, Arthur Connett," his fiancée remonstrated, "you know very well I am not going to be married in any month but June. That is nearly a year off, and they say that when you once announce your engagement you don't have any fun."

"But it seems as if I could not wait to let Gilbert and Jenkins know you belong to me," remonstrated the eager Arthur; "and just think how pretty this will look on your little hand, Jemima." With a flourish he drew out of his vest pocket a ring-box. On Jemima's unresisting left hand he placed a solitaire.

"There," he said, proudly, "I guess Gilbert couldn't have done better by you, even if he is in the jewelry department."

"It's a beauty," cried Jemima. "It's a lot prettier than Gwendolyn's or Mayme Hardy's."

She turned the ring from side to side to gloat over its colors changing in the sunlight. The Hickson family did not believe in gold and precious stones—and a garnet ring, given her by a well-to-do uncle, was the extent of Jemima's jewel casket.

"Won't you wear it now, Jemima," pleaded her lover, earnestly. "I'd just like to watch Gilbert's face when he sees it," he added, grinning at the prospect of his rival's discomfiture.

Jemima hesitated. On the one hand lay the joy of the dramatic announcement and the proud display of her ring—on the other, the wicked pleasure of tantalizing her lover and an extended reprieve before her final capture.

"No," she declared at length; "the Countess de Moncier says, in 'Etiquette of Weddings,' that six months is long enough to have any engagement announced—and she ought to know."

Connett looked crestfallen, as she drew off the ring and handed it back to him.

"You keep it, anyway, and maybe you'll change your mind," he said, hopefully. "Some time, when I come over to Lindenhurst, perhaps you'll surprise me by wearing it."

The Hodges found Lindenhurst all that even their exacting tastes could demand. The luxury of a nine-o'clock breakfast, with servants to wait upon them, and with nothing to do all day but amuse themselves with refined pleasures, was in itself a delight to their aristocratic sensibilities. On their arrival they had found preparations for the annual fair going busily forward. And Mayme Hardy, who felt in the absence of Gwendolyn Hodge Mulligan that the honor of the crowd lay in her hands, lost no time in suggesting that amateur theatricals be added to the list of attractions. To be sure, the Hodges had never sought distinction in histrionic fields, but ever since Mayme had been told that her hair was a perfect match to Mrs. Leslie Carter's she had stifled secret longings for a stage career. The suggestion was immediately adopted, and Miss Catherine Clements, from Tideway, a young college girl, offered her services as coach and stage-manager.

The Hodges, having established their prestige beyond cavil, could afford to be democratic, and they became the soul of good-fellowship, much to the relief of



—BROWN AND SUNBURNED."



"ON JEMIMA'S UNRESISTING LEFT HAND."

separated from the *hoi polloi* by formidable bands of white satin ribbon with large bows. When the newly united Mr. and Mrs. James Mulligan left the church to the joyous strains of Mendelssohn, the Hodges had the gratifying conviction that Wise & Fox would lose

Continued on page 429



HALF-SAVAGE IGORROTE CARVER MAKING A PIPE.—*L. Winternitz, Illinois.*



EMPEROR WILLIAM'S GOLDEN CLOCK
IN THE GERMAN BUILDING.
Mrs. C. R. Miller, Maryland.



CONTENTED FAMILY IN THE SIOUX INDIAN CAMP.—*George B. Speer, New Jersey.*



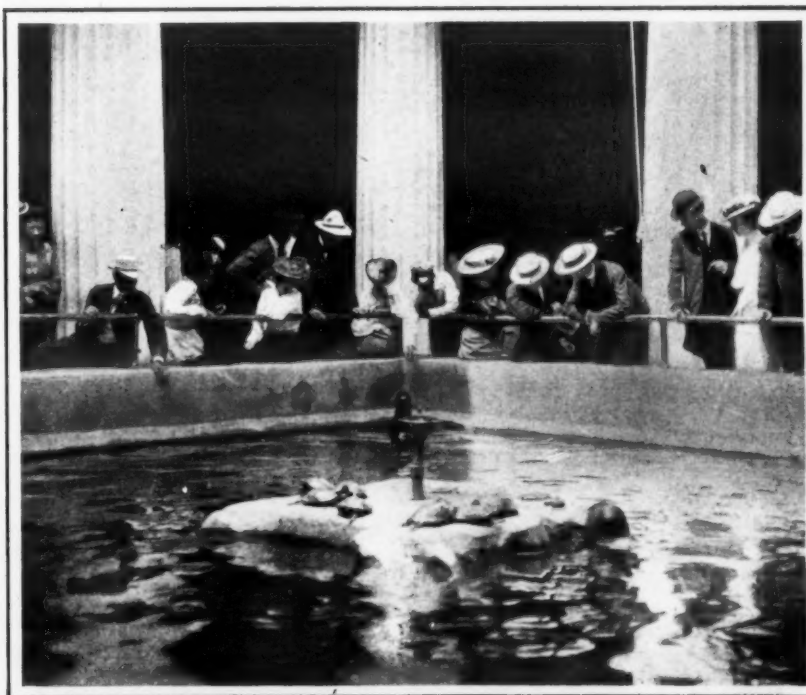
TYROLEAN ALPS, ONE OF THE MOST PROMINENT FEATURES OF THE PIKE.
Robert W. Adams, Massachusetts.



(PRIZE-WINNER.) THE FINEST SCENE ON THE FAIR GROUNDS—FESTIVAL HALL, EAST COLONNADE
OF STATES, CASCADES, AND GRAND BASIN.—*R. L. Schulz, Wisconsin.*



ATTRACTIVE GARDEN SCENE IN "FAIR JAPAN."—*O. F. Blomberg, Tennessee.*



CROWD WATCHING THE SEALS AND TURTLES IN THE FISHERIES BUILDING.—*Minnie Stark, Missouri.*

WORLD'S-FAIR SPECIAL AMATEUR PHOTO CONTEST—WISCONSIN WINS.
STRIKING SCENES AND PECULIAR PEOPLE AT THE ST. LOUIS EXPOSITION FINELY PICTURED BY RIVAL ARTISTS.
(SEE OUR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC ANNOUNCEMENT ON PAGE 427)



JAPANESE RED-CROSS CORPS SETTING UP A HOSPITAL TENT FOR THE WOUNDED NEAR LIAO-YANG.



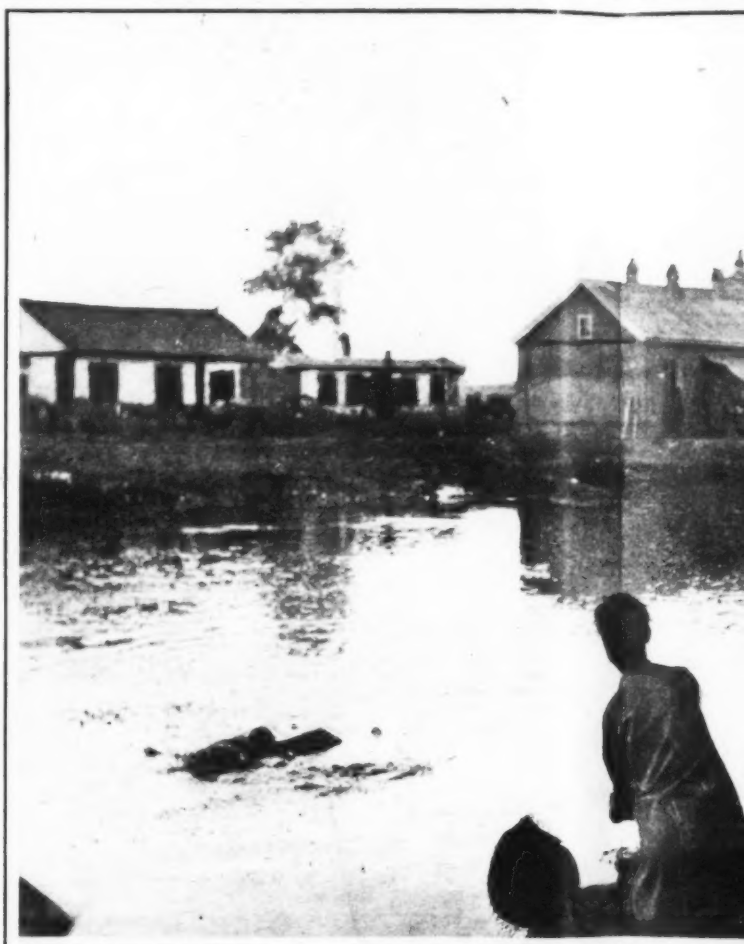
BUILDING ON THE SHUSANPO BATTLE-FIELD BATTERED, AND RUSSIAN HORSE KILLED BY THE JAPANESE FIRE.



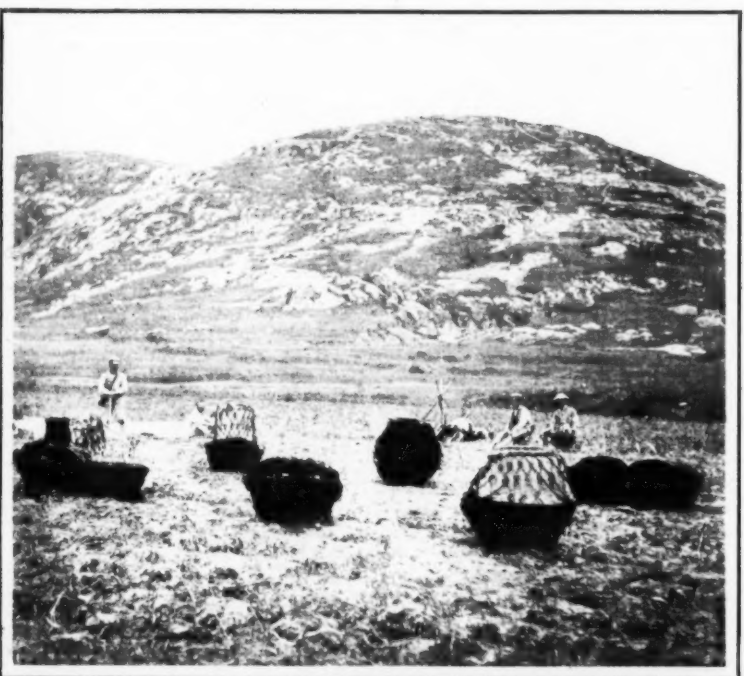
MIKADO'S OFFICERS VIEWING THE BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG FROM THE ROOF OF A CHINESE HOUSE.



HEADQUARTERS IN LIAO-YANG OF GENERAL OKU AND STAFF.



GRIM PASTIME OF CHINESE AT LIAO-YANG—THROWING STONES AT THE BODY OF A DEAD RUSSIAN.



RICE-COOKING FURNACES OF THE ADVANCING JAPANESE TROOPS OPERATED IN THE FIELD.



A GREWSOME SIGHT AT SHUSANPO—DEAD OF BOTH ARMIES FILLING A RUSSIAN TRENCH.



FOREIGN MILITARY OFFICERS WITH THE JAPANESE, VIEWING A CAPTURED RUSSIAN.

FIERCEST FIGHTING IN THE FAR EAST

IMPRESSIVE SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN THE LONG AND BLOODY STRUGGLE AROUND LIAO-YANG

Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by S. Wase, our



NG THE BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG FROM
OF A CHINESE HOUSE.



GUNS OF A JAPANESE BATTERY COVERED WITH MUD AFTER THE FIGHT AT
SHUSANPO.



SCENE OF HAVOC ON THE SHUSANPO BATTLE-FIELD NEAR LIAO-YANG
AFTER THE RUSSIAN ROUT.



NG STONES AT THE BODY OF A RUSSIAN SOLDIER IN THE CANAL.



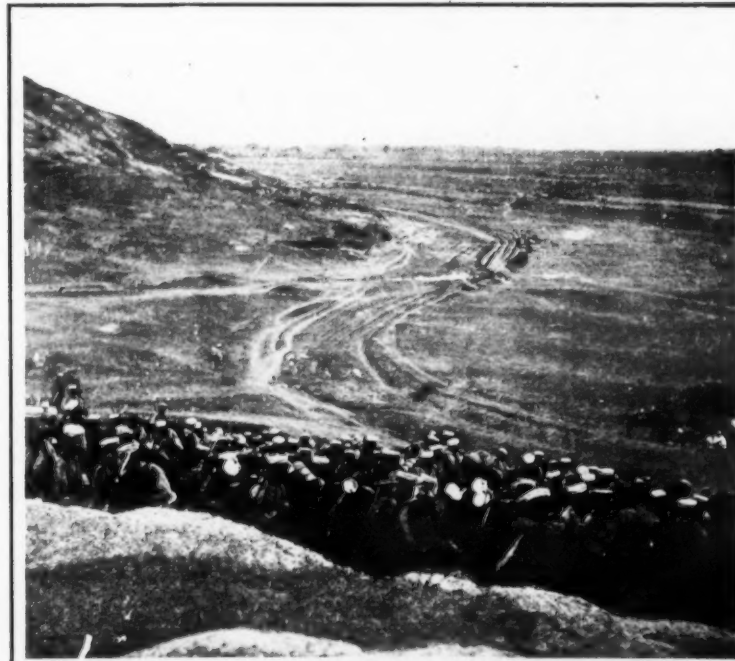
WEARY JAPANESE SOLDIERS RESTING AT SHUSANPO AFTER THEIR VICTORY.



ICERS WITH THE JAPANESE ARMY TALK-
WITH A CAPTURED RUSSIAN.



RED-CROSS WAGON, WITH ITS DEAD STEED, ABANDONED BY THE FLEEING
RUSSIANS.



A BREATHING SPELL, AFTER HARD FIGHTING, FOR THE VICTORIOUS JAPANESE ON
LIAO-YANG HILL.

R EAST THE WORLD HAS EVER SEEN.

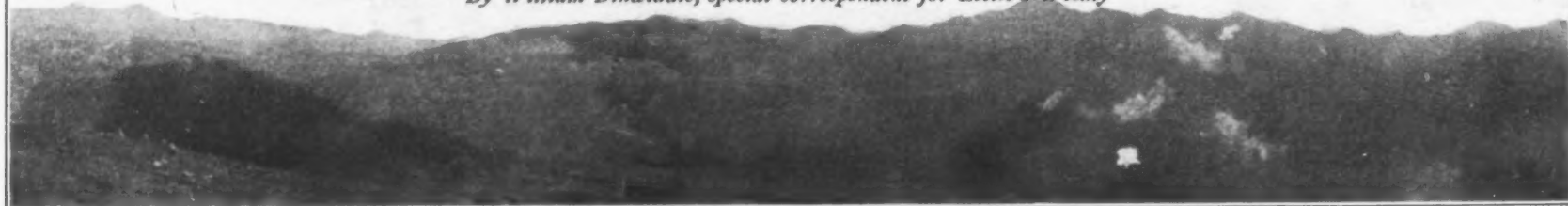
AROUND LIAO-YANG, WHICH RESULTED IN THE DISASTROUS ROUT OF THE RUSSIANS.

y by S. Swase, our special artist in the field.

Watching One of the World's Greatest Battles

An Eye-witness Tells of Liao-yang

By William Dinwiddie, special correspondent for Leslie's Weekly



SCENE OF THE FIERCE BATTLE OF ROZHIZAN, NEAR LIAO-YANG, LOOKING FROM A JAPANESE BATTERY POSITION, TOWARD THE RUSSIAN MAIN LINE, WITH ARTILLERY IN ACTION, ACROSS THE RIVER. THE PICTURE WAS TAKEN IN THE DIM LIGHT OF MORNING.—Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by William Dinwiddie, with Kuroki's army.

NEWCHWANG, MANCHURIA, (September 8th, 1904.)

DISREGARDING all orders, ignoring all surveillance, dodging staff officers by day and sleeping in out-of-the-way places at night, Bass and I have succeeded in witnessing, from positions close to the front, one of the great battles of the world. Japan against Russia, and the taking of Liao-yang by the former, after eleven days of practically incessant fighting, which resulted in a hollow victory for the Japanese and a triumphant defeat for the Russians.

Ceaseless roar! Thousands of dead and wounded in the front. Silent and swiftly-marching regiments in the dark, striving to reach the front that half of them might bleed and die for country on the morrow. A huge army stumbling onward in sheer exhaustion through the cool, moonlit nights. Fighting, fighting, fighting like benighted demons, with bloodshot eyes and perspiration pouring from overstrained bodies, under a sun which rose cold red, glowed with yellow heat, and darkened again behind jet-black storm-clouds. Not one day, mind you, but eleven monstrous, unnatural days, through which men looked backward, as in a troubled dream the clutches of which could not be shaken off. Days when men fell fast asleep at every halt, with pain-drawn faces so like those mad victims of prolonged and nerve-racking feats of riding and walking.

Vast numbers of the soldiers forming the great Japanese army—and those of the Russian, too, for that matter—must have been finally so benumbed in mind and body by these superhuman exertions that, if ever before they felt a shrinking dread of the shrill, hissing hail of nickel-cased bullets, or a nervous tremor at the wind torn moan of flying shrapnel, now they were welcomed as presaging a possible respite in slumber for a few precious moments behind some natural barrier.

The writer frankly confesses that he was a mere speck on a landscape of war, which stretched for many miles to his right and his left and before him. A human atom, painfully crawling up steep-sided hills, and looking with only two eyes into a region where, for a few miles, he could actually see the operations of a single division—at times. By the distant glimpse of areas of bursting shrapnel, by the rising and falling sounds of small-arm fire, by a general knowledge of the location of the various Japanese armies, one knew whether these distant forces were winning or losing, or remaining deadlocked. We had no maps, and no information from headquarters was ever offered us during the many days' combat. A few friendly subordinate officers of the line assisted us, on occasion, by a peep at the Russo-Japanese contour maps and with a few meagre facts and figures regarding what was transpiring before us. Notwithstanding all these serious handicaps, to have been a dumb spectator, merely, of two immense armies writhing in a death-embrace repays one a thousand-fold.

Because this is largely an account of personal observations, I shall take the liberty of presenting my impressions in the form of a diary, day by day. It should first be understood by the reader, however, that General Kuroki's forces—known as the First Army and composed of the twelfth division, the second division, and the Imperial Guards division—to which the writer was assigned—is the one which fought the battle of the Yalu on May 1st. It took us three months to advance a distance of seventy-five miles and arrive at, or in the vicinity of, Towan, lying upon the main highway between Korea and the Manchurian Railroad. At Towan the First Army was within thirty-five miles of Liao-yang, where Kuropatkin was supposed to be amassing an immense army—the figures were many times given semi-officially as over two hundred thousand—and fortifying the place day and night with the purpose of here offering the Japanese a decisive battle.

From August 1st to the 23d Kuroki halted, delayed in his advance for a week by heavy rains, but waiting

the major portion of the time for the Fourth Army, composed of the fifth and tenth divisions, to close the gap existing between us and the Second Army, of the third, fourth, and sixth divisions, on the extreme left. We find, then, when the final advance was ready to take place, three armies of eight divisions lined up to the south and southeast of Liao-yang, with which the Japanese purposed to make a concerted attack upon the Russian stronghold. The entire formation of the forces of the Japanese closely approximated the periphery of a quadrant, with Liao-yang as the centre of the circle, the length of this arc being about fifty miles. The Second Army, on the Japanese left, under General Oku, lay across the railroad, and the region before it was a generally flat terrene, though here and there the level plain was broken by low, rocky, isolated hills, all of which were taken advantage of by the enemy. The Fourth Army, under General Nodzu, held the centre, and lay partially in the plain and partially on the sharp-rigged and treeless foothills. The First Army constituted the right wing, and lay wholly within the bewildering and broken hill-country—a combination of high, steep mountain ridges with intervening and lower hills, all cut by streams and furrowed with narrow valleys which twisted and turned to every point of the compass.

As the plain was neared by Kuroki's army, however, the topography changed its character in that the valleys became broader, the rivers wider and deeper, and the hills not so steeply inclined. The advantages, as Liao-yang was approached, were certainly in favor of the army of defense, for the wide valleys necessitated the advance of the Japanese infantry into their level reaches in order to secure positions within rifle range, and the difficulties of executing unobserved flanking movements increased many fold as the country opened.

The grand strategy of the Japanese army in Manchuria apparently contemplated the luring of Kuropatkin to fight a decisive action at some southern point on the railroad, where he might be cut off, annihilated, or forced to surrender to vastly superior numbers. It has been suggested by some of the foreign military experts that the tactical dispositions made by the Japanese would indicate a desire on their part merely to force the Russians from Manchurian territory, when they might urge the righteousness of foreign intervention in favor of an army which had never suffered a reverse, thus terminating a war in which thousands of lives were being uselessly sacrificed, and ending an insufferable situation for a peaceful people, the subjects of a neutral and unoffending Power. However, this train of thought may have arisen through the pessimism naturally created by the unchivalric treatment accorded these distinguished guests of the Japanese army.

The First Army began its advance on Liao-yang from Towan on the night of August 23d; the Fourth Army, in the centre, moved forward on the 25th, and the Second Army, on the railroad, began shoving vigorously ahead on the morning of the 26th. Kuroki's army expected to have two big fights before arriving at the advanced positions covering Liao-yang—one at Anping, to be negotiated by the twelfth division on the right flank, which was to pass north in a flanking movement while the second division drove home a frontal attack, and the other on the left flank at Roshizan, which is situated on the main telegraph road, the brunt of the latter engagement to be taken by the Imperial Guards, re-enforced by a brigade of Kobé reserves. The towns of Anping and Roshizan lay about ten miles from Towan on different roads.

It should be stated that all the divisions of the Japanese army had been increased in numbers by extra battalions until each represented nearly twenty thousand effective fighting men, and besides, extra supporting brigades had been added to each army, swelling the total numbers—in infantry and cavalry—to something like one hundred and seventy thousand. This is as nearly accurate as any one may estimate where figures are never given officially, and every endeavor is used to prevent even a comparatively exact judgment being formed by a foreigner.

The advance on Liao-yang must be divided, by the writer, into two battles, of both of which he was an eye-witness—one at Roshizan, where the losses of the Imperial Guards were very large, and where it took them two days of severe fighting to even uncover the main Russian positions before that town, and one day's terrific onslaught ere the enemy retired, followed by a three days' brilliant rear-guard action on the part of the enemy, during which we advanced but four miles

a day toward the Russian cover-position of Liao-yang proper, six miles southeast of that city; and the other the tremendous battle of Liao-yang, where two days were required to take the advance or cover-positions, with a succeeding three days' incessant attack by six Japanese divisions on the main positions of Liao-yang before the enemy withdrew in perfect order, fighting what was possibly one of the most brilliant rear-guard actions in history.

August 23d.—A foreign attaché dropped the news into our camp that General Hasegawa and his staff would leave for the front at four o'clock in the afternoon, and that they—meaning the five foreign attachés—had received orders to be ready to move at four o'clock the next morning. This was enough for the two correspondents, who had learned to move with celerity before obstacles could be interposed by headquarters staff to keep them in the rear. In an hour we were ready to shove ahead, our Japanese interpreter having in the meantime, however, made a surreptitious visit to headquarters and informed us that permission had been granted us to move with the attachés, under the direction of Marquis Saigo, their military chaperon. We ignored his indirect suggestion that we wait till morning, and completed our preparations. Poor devil! our constant disobedience of orders meant dire threats of punishment to him, though never a word was said to us.

We departed, with instructions to him to send forward our Chinese cook and Korean messenger, with two pack animals, in the morning if we did not return. The army was already moving when we neared the main line of Japanese defenses before Towan—defenses which the Japanese always construct, whether they expect to stay one day or a month, so as to be prepared to balk any Russian surprise. We pushed up toward the divide, along the main road which leads over into the valley beyond to the town of Ro-shi-rei. As we traveled we were shortly treated to one of those sights which the staff so much dislike to have us witness: The field-guns and caissons were being brought down from their aerial positions on the hill-crests; the vicious little biting, kicking, plunging stallions used by the artillery cannot be depended upon in any emergency, and so the soldiers were letting most of the guns down by hand, over the very good but many-turned roadway of army-engineer construction. Later, we saw them try to go through a defile leading over the hill, and the show was a travesty on horseflesh; it was a procession of led horses and toiling artillerymen, who dragged and pushed every gun and caisson up the incline by hand, the undersized brutes refusing to pull a pound. One can see, if the Japanese are ever overrun by the Russians, that their batteries will surely be sacrificed.

We were blocked. A sentry in the pass smilingly examined our credentials and made signs that we must go back and get the permission of his superior officer before he could let us advance. Here was a new system which had been introduced to prevent the foreigner getting to the front. We tried another road, attempting to go around the flank. A failure. We tried a third with the same result, and here we were "personally conducted" to the captain, who proved to be an officer with whom we had taken part in a previous skirmish. In his hesitating English he politely put it that he could not let us pass, as he had "not yet received orders to permit the foreigners to advance." (He had probably been told that, under no circumstances, was he to let foreigners go beyond his lines, but he was too polite to present it in this brutal fashion.) With smiling faces we intimated our regret that he could not shut his eyes for a few minutes, a remark which elicited a smile in return. Upon mature consideration we inquired when he expected to advance, and he replied, "Our troops will move forward at seven o'clock this evening." We hid ourselves to the hillside fifty yards from the sentry, hoping that when he removed his guard we could slip through before the next command took possession. That sentry disappeared, in some remarkable manner, fifteen minutes later, and in a flash we were striding forward, dragging our horses behind us down the hill, feeling that we had crossed the Rubicon, and mentally thanking the officer who had had the temerity to wink at orders.

Four miles farther on we bumped into Colonel Shigini, chief-of-staff, who was returning to report to his general. His answering salute was a trifle stiff and formal, in response to our extravagantly cordial one. At sunset we went into camp near the roadside, on a



FOREIGN MILITARY ATTACHES WITH JAPANESE IMPERIAL GUARDS UNDER FIRE.
To right: Payem (French), Etzel (German), Goertz (Swiss), Hume (English), Colonel Crowder (American).



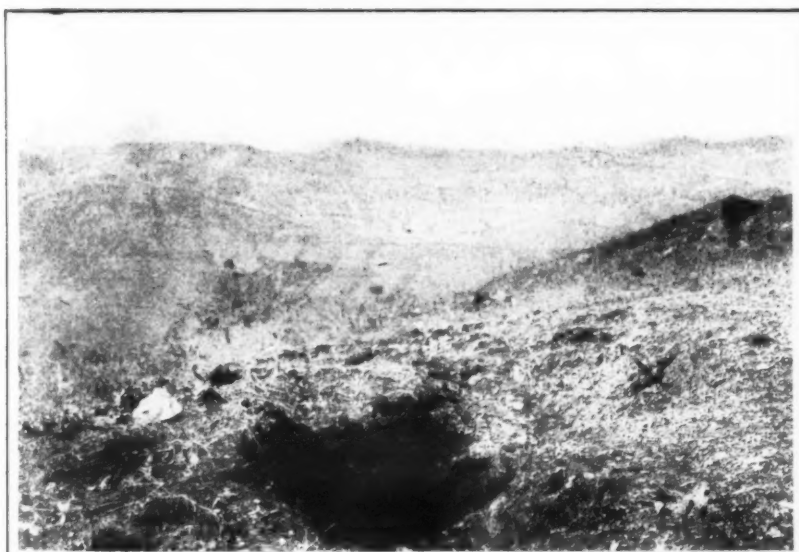
UTTERLY WORN-OUT JAPANESE ARTILLERYMAN DROPPING ASLEEP DURING A BATTLE
BESIDE HIS GUN.



JAPANESE TROOPS RESTING IN A RUSSIAN TRENCH ON A HILLSIDE WHICH THEY HAD
STORMED AND CAPTURED.



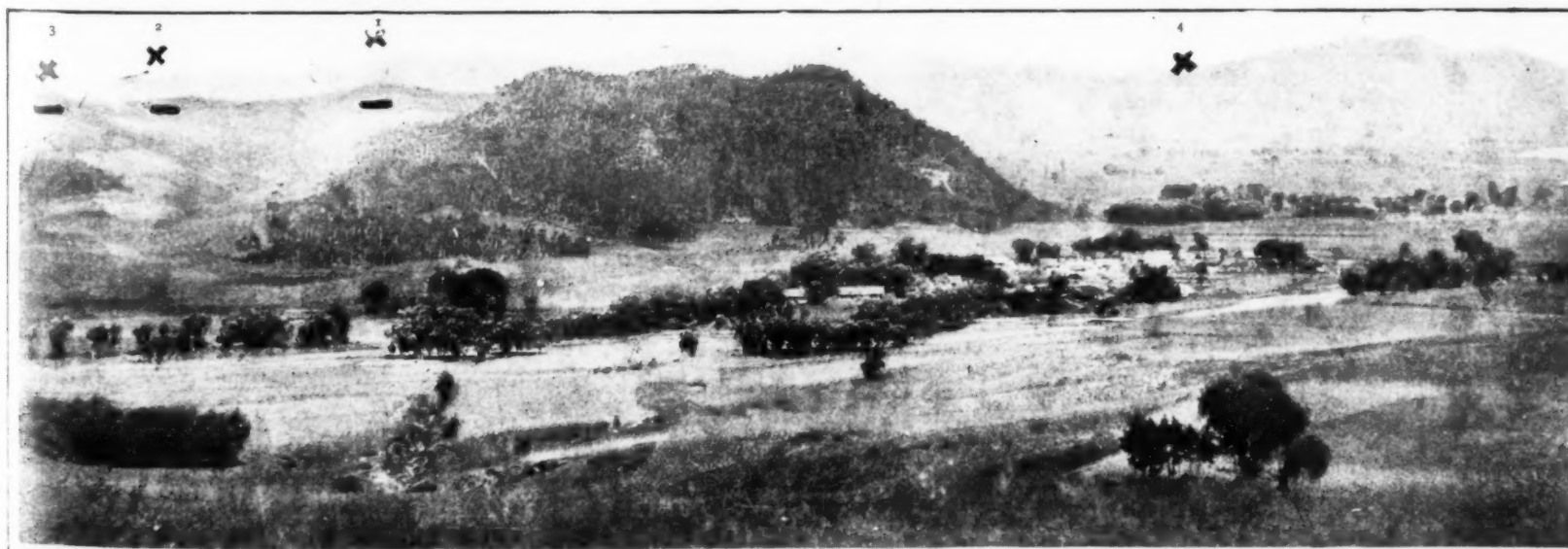
A JAPANESE DEVICE—FIELD-GUN IN FIRING POSITION MASKED WITH BOUGHS
AND GRAIN-STALKS.



TREMENDOUS POWER OF JAPAN'S NEW EXPLOSIVE, CALLED "SHIMOSE"—GREAT PIT DUG
IN THE EARTH BY A SHELL.



SOLDIERS LETTING THE JAPANESE ARTILLERY DOWN A LONG HILL BY HAND FROM
THE TOWAN POSITION.



POSITIONS (1, 2, AND 3) ATTACKED IN SUCCESSION BY THE JAPANESE IMPERIAL GUARDS IN UNCOVERING THE RUSSIAN DEFENSES AT ROSHIZAN. (4) A DISTANT RUSSIAN BATTERY.

JAPAN'S LONG AND BLOODY LANE OF VICTORY TO LIAO-YANG.
GLIMPSES OF THE DIFFICULT BATTLE-GROUNDS WHERE THE HEROIC JAPANESE ROLLED BACK THE RUSSIANS
WITH FEARFUL SLAUGHTER.

Photographed for Leslie's Weekly by William Dinwiddie, with Kuroki's army. See opposite page.

little promontory, where was builded a picturesque Buddhist temple. Our shelter was a thicket of bushes, and our covering against the heavy dews, a sweaty horse-blanket, but we were happy as truant boys, over the one can of pork-and-beans, with a hardtack apiece for supper; we dared not draw too heavily at once on our slender stock of provisions, restricted by the dimensions of our saddle-bags, lest we go hungry as once before, when for thirty-six hours we had but two biscuits and three small sticks of chocolate to alleviate the gnawings of empty stomachs. Under a nearly full moon we watched the army move silently past. Just the faint thudding of thousands of feet. Only the low-murmured speech of men rose from the pathway beneath. One not on the alert would not have heard the passing of this division of twenty thousand men at all. We still marvel, after months with the army, where all these men spring from when the order comes to move. Between fitful slumbers we awoke to see fitting shadows on the road noiselessly moving onward, a seemingly unending column of twos. The Japanese army—the epitome of secrecy—always moves in the dark hours of night, and the individual soldier (whose stealthiness is ingrained) laughs not, but chuckles under his breath; talks not but in whispers.

August 24th.—Away at 4 A.M. A handful of soldiers were camped in the temple, and the sentry posted under a tree, a few yards away from us, gave us a fright by rushing wildly at us, as we ate a can of corn-beef hash with our pocket-knives, waving his arms and pointing in the direction of the enemy. However, it was not the Russians who were upon us, but a small swarm of Manchurian yellow-jackets had made a sally from the hollow of the tree. We were only a mile and a half from the front, and half a mile brought us to the bivouacked troops, lying by thousands in the fields along the roadside. Flat upon their backs, wrapped as if in red shrouds from their feet to the crown of their heads, they looked, in the dim light, like an army of dead men awaiting the burial party, and only the uneasy snoring, in a dozen keys of varying volume, dispelled the illusion. Many batteries of artillery still stood in the road, with the horses in harness and hitched to the guns. A troop of tired cavalymen were sleeping in the narrow street, with their horses tethered short to their hands, and they grumbled and cursed in Japanese, as their restless ponies took, now and then, an off-shot kick at their inquisitive brothers.

In the faint light of dawn, and where the village of Ro-ka-ko rests by a swift-flowing river, we met the chief-of-staff and a few other officers of headquarters riding rearward. They looked tired and exhausted, and they kindly refused to see us as we passed onward. A hundred soldiers were brushing their teeth in the waters of the stream, extracting small papers of perfumed pink tooth-powder from the bands and linings of their caps. Here at Ro-ka-ko was the front, for the moment, for, in the corn-fields, on either side of the village and facing the river, four batteries of artillery had been put into position during the night and cleverly hidden—as only the Japanese know how to do—by planting a few waving green stalks before the wheels of each gun and before the caissons in the background. As the lieutenant of the company shoveled large chunks of rice into his mouth, in a dirty Chinese house, and the soldiers heated the water in their aluminium bottles over the tiny fire on the mud floor, he told us where the enemy had held the hills before us the day before. His company had then developed their position, one lieutenant being killed and three privates wounded. As he put it, "One of our friends was killed."

The Russians had retired with their advance guard during the night, but it took several hours to confirm this by sending in scouting parties which climbed the steep mountain ridges through the ravines. We pushed on to the advance and spent the day listening to the Russian outposts firing and being fired upon as they withdrew upon their supports. We were in contact with the enemy, who covered the main positions of Roshizan. From Ro-ka-ko, the troops moved out in battalions all day, really doing only scouting work, until the entire country before the enemy, for a distance of six or eight miles, was thoroughly investigated. The plan decided upon was that General Asada, with the first brigade of the Guards and re-enforced by the Kobé reserves, should push in far to the left and meet the enemy on his left flank. General Asada's command, by the way, was already traveling a few miles to the left hand, paralleling us, and communication was kept up with him by "wig-wagging"—a method seldom resorted to in this army equipped with a remarkably fine telegraph and telephone service. General Watanabe, with the second brigade, was to take care of the right. He was to force the fighting for the first day, to give the enemy the impression that the main attack was to take place on this side, while the real attack was to be pushed home on the following day, from the left and on the Russian right flank.

Hungry and tired, we returned to Ro-ka-ko in the afternoon, and found that our pack animals had not been allowed to advance beyond this village. We tucked our horses away behind the wall of an out-of-the-way Chinese house, and went on foot to investigate. The *attachés* had come up and so had our own heavy transportation. Just at sunset the rumor reached us that a night attack on the right was contemplated, and as a regiment swung down the narrow street, nearly three thousand strong, we rushed for our horses, and, dodging the posted sentries at the main fords, we waded the rushing river (horse's-belly deep), half a mile away. The night was exquisite, with a huge full moon in the sky. Past the line held by the Russians in the morning we went, leaving a few battalions resting near a second river-bank. We were alone now,

except for two belated soldiers trudging forward to join their command. We knew—or thought we knew—the location of the Japanese troops on a ridge a mile forward. As we advanced toward the enemy's lines the soldiers, at intervals, called out in the still night for their company. No reply came and finally they halted, puzzled over the topography, which, in the weird light, had become strangely unfamiliar.

Bass and I moved on, taking the road to the left where the one to the right branched off into the wide valley, and, as we knew, led into the enemy's lines, certainly not a mile away. Into a Chinese village we went, the inhabitants of which had wholly forgotten their usual sundown bed-time. They crowded around us, not asking if we were Russians, but volubly discussing whether we were Maguas (Americans) or Ingwas (Englishmen). They pointed out where the *Nippons* (Japanese) were supposed to be, at the crest of a high hill, and, pushing through Chinese gardens and fields of millet and broom-corn over a winding path, we ascended the steep slope. The Japanese soldier is not jumpy. You can depend upon him not to shoot before he investigates, and the two foreigners—though with some slight misgivings—pushed upward and strode into half a company of soldiers keeping lonely vigil on the mountain-top. At ten o'clock, by the aid of a soldier who had taken twisted lessons in English, we tried to explain to the lieutenant that we would move our horses, tethered in the darkness below, to a tree several hundred yards to the left, and there we would sleep for the night. After much tripping and halting in speech, the soldier explained that "My lieutenant says you must go back across the river." We protested and insisted that we should sleep at the place we had designated, being quick now to resent any interference with our liberties. It took us half an hour before we understood that the Japanese, themselves, intended to withdraw for a mile and leave only sentries posted on the hill. We had gained our point, but discretion overcame our valor, and, as the troops withdrew, leaving lone, sharp-eyed men to peer into the silvery night for the moving shadows of Russians, we plodded back to the river in the rear.

It was midnight. We left our new-found friends of the evening, and saw them scale the near-by hill. Over the river for the third time we splashed, and met long lines of soldiers quietly advancing. After all, a night attack was on, for here were the fighting men in force. About-face we went, and through the water again. They bivouacked on the farther bank, and, exhausted, we threw ourselves down wrapped in our blankets, and fell asleep with the silver tinkle of a near-by field telephone-bell, and the sound of a voice which seemed to be incessantly calling "Moshi-moshi" (Hello) in our ears. A moon sinking in the west and we awoke with a start, shivering in the cold air. Our troops had fooled us again and stolen away. All that was left was a few pack animals and the extra caissons of the batteries which were to the fore. In the deep defile leading from the river we met the last battery being hauled up the decline by hand, while the stubborn little horses under the bank-side bit and squealed among themselves. Three batteries had been placed during the night. The battery roads and emplacements had been constructed in the hours of moonlight. The last guns went into position just as the greenish tinge of dawn touched the eastward sky. Here were men, then, who had worked practically without rest for two days and two nights, getting, it is true, a few hours' sleep on the roadside the day before. They were to fight through a long, long day.

August 25th.—The valleys were heavy in low-rolling mists. The light strengthened, and just as the upper limb of the sun, a little before six o'clock, peeped above the horizon, a single field-gun on the far left with Asada boomed once and was silent. Our battery, cleverly hidden in a broom-corn field to the left, let loose one in reply, and then, leisurely, gun after gun sent its fretting, whirling shells off into the sea of fogs from which hilltops peered like islets. The faint burst of the shrapnel came back to us after many seconds. The enemy's advance held a series of conical hills, half a dozen in number and connected by lower saddles, forming altogether a continuous ridge, which was in front of the main Russian position some two thousand yards. Behind this first ridge was a thousand-yard valley, and the mountains on the far side rose steeply for four hundred feet, their sides literally gashed with trenches.

Each hill in our immediate front had a curving trench about its conical cap, some fifty feet below the summit. The Japanese batteries opened on these positions, shelling slowly at first and then furiously. A ripple of small-arm fire from the Japanese creeping in on the left, a blurring Russian volley in return. The clouds were scurrying over the hilltops, screening their crests one moment and leaving them uncovered the next. The rip-rap, rip-rap of the Japanese rifles became faster. The glasses showed a Russian advance guard running up a near-by hill to disappear over its top. They were falling back on the fortified positions. Our batteries—one in the corn-field, one four hundred yards in advance of the first and on a ridge to the right, and one high perched to the left, on a spur of the great mountain at our back—were now deafeningly booming in volleys of shrapnel, and the hills broke into white puffs of smoke and dust, as the shrapnel burst and tore up the ground with leaden balls and broken fragments of steel.

At 6:45, a Russian battery, from a bluff several hundred feet high and nearly four miles away, winked eight lightning flashes at us, and then, a half-minute later, came the scream and explosion of shrapnel far in

front of our corn-field battery. 'Way short, they shoved up the range and did a little better. The Japanese gun waited silently to see what their antagonist could do. He did not find them. Our foremost battery tried a shell which burst short, another which did better, and a third which seemed to reach, and then a volley of six shells. The range must have been the utmost extreme for the Japanese. Steadily the guttural Russian volleys became hoarser, until the individual pick-pack of the Japanese small arms, which had increased to a perfect fusillade, died away altogether. We waited with fast-beating hearts. We looked at one another and asked, "Were they repulsed?" Far in to the left we saw a single line of men crawling up a hill and moving along under the crest. They were working in on the flank of the fortified hills. A lull in the Russian fire from the ridge to the right, and then the scurrying of a whole Japanese company through a scrubby field of oil beans, running pell-mell for the cover of pine-trees at the very foot of the Russian hill. A gilded Chinese temple glittered among the shadowy soft green trees half-way up the hillside.

The Japanese were going to take the first hill by assault. The Russian volleys and individual firing redoubled in fury. There was no Japanese reply. They had sunk out of sight again, somewhere in the edge of the fringe of trees. The right-hand Japanese battery sent a perfect slither of shell and shrapnel against the Russian trench upon the bare hillside. These shells must have been bursting less than two hundred yards in advance of where the Japanese troops lay hidden. The Russians were not in the trench. Between each volley of Japanese shells the crest of the hill was lined with the heads of Russian soldiers who ducked out of sight at every flash of the guns. They were firing, laid flat on the top of the hill. The Russians were retiring. We saw them walking quietly away on the left side of the hill—just a gap of a few yards—and disappearing behind its rearward slope. Five minutes later the first Japanese soldier toiled in from the right and broke out the small flag of the Rising Sun—always carried by a half-dozen men in every company. A few minutes later the entire company, except the poor dead chaps and the wounded in the valley, were crouched in a cluster, fanning themselves vigorously.

The correspondents made for this trench, now that fairly safe going was assured. Unfortunately we had to coast down two small intervening hills in plain sight of the Russian main position; whether it was the white helmet or the faded khaki suit we will never know, but a contemptible Russian battery took a pot at us. They missed us by a hundred yards. What an acceleration in speed without any concomitant exhilaration of spirit! We made the cover of the woods and were thankful. The captain told us, as we perched in the captured trench, that he had lost thirty-four men. One dead Russian was found on the ridge. We peered over the hill at the Russian trenches across the valley. They were filled with soldiers who seemed to lean forward, shoulder to shoulder, to peer at us in return. We ducked when the Russian battery began shelling the country to our rear to prevent re-enforcements coming up. By three o'clock, Watanabe's brigade had two batteries well forward and pounding into the big lines of Russian trenches, which, in places, rose triple-decked. All day long the fight before Asada's brigade went on, but, according to plan, it was not to develop its strength. We caught a glimpse of the big valley which confronted them, and saw, fleeing under a shower of shrapnel, a body of Cossack scouts. There was a Russian battery on an almost similar bluff to ours, five miles away on the left, which replied all day long. No Japanese shrapnel was reaching it in return, and we rightly took it to mean that they were not yet within range with their artillery. All of the half-dozen hills on Watanabe's side were taken one after another, by assault, each with fairly heavy losses, and by sunset his command was facing and almost within range of the enemy's main position. The losses for the day in the Guards were over five hundred.

August 26th.—This was the day on which the great first fight was to begin by all the combined Japanese armies. Every battle was against advanced or cover positions of the Russians. The second and twelfth divisions of Kuroki's army to our left were in front of Anping. Kuropatkin, believing that we would throw our main force against Roshizan, had heavily re-enforced before that place and withdrawn largely from Anping, with the result that, by nightfall, he found his left seriously flanked and menaced. This meant that he had either to retrieve ground on his left or be content to retire on his advanced positions before Liaoyang. He chose the latter course. During the preceding night, we—meaning the correspondents—had changed our position, and on the 26th we appeared with Asada's brigade on the left, and saw the severe engagement in which the Guards were fought to a standstill and lost over fifteen hundred men, though the main body of the troops never succeeded in crossing the river in the valley at all.

General Asada, occupying a badly broken country of many low hills, interspersed with rocky crests rising, high and pointed, from the billows of earth about, had found excellent gun positions for four batteries. The batteries extended over a front of two miles and were all connected, by telephone, with the colonel of artillery. A small force of infantry had crept over the river in the moonlight of the night before, and had succeeded in reaching positions close to the enemy's trenches, without discovery. The ground occupied by the Russians on this side—to the right of their lines—was a series of bluff hills which dropped in places almost sheer to the level of the flat alluvial crop-covered plain. Between the bluffs were receding



HANS SCHROEDER,
Baritone, who made his first American appearance at Mendelssohn Hall recently.—*Gessford.*



DAVID BISPHAM,
The popular singer, who is presenting an interesting series of song cycles at Mendelssohn Hall.
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FRANK POLLOCK,
The first American tenor engaged for grand opera in New York, to appear in leading rôles at the Metropolitan this season.



JOSEF HOFMANN,
The famous young pianist, to be heard with the Philharmonic Orchestra at Carnegie Hall.—*Copyright by Gessford.*



MME. KATHARINE FISK,
The contralto, who gives a song recital at Mendelssohn Hall shortly.—*Gessford.*



MME. JOHANNA GADSKI,
The famous grand-opera soprano, who will make her first concert tour in America this season.
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VLADIMIR DE PACHMANN,
The pianist, who will be heard in recitals at Mendelssohn Hall.
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MME. SHOTWELL-PIPER,
The soprano, who will assist David Bispham in a Brahms song cycle shortly.
Tonnelé.



MISS MAUD POWELL,
The distinguished American violinist, who reappears here this season.
Hall.



FRANZ VON VECSEY,
The young prodigy, who will make his debut in New York at Carnegie Hall.—*Pach.*



FRITZ KREISLER,
The favorite violinist, who will play at Carnegie Hall shortly.—*Gessford.*



MME. DE MONTJAU,
Soprano, who is to make her first appearance shortly with the New York Symphony Orchestra.—*Gessford.*

MUSICAL ATTRACTIONS OF THE METROPOLIS.

FAMOUS AND FAVORITE ARTISTS WHOSE APPEARANCE IN CONCERT AND OPERA INAUGURATES A NOTABLE MUSICAL SEASON.

valleys, running backward for a mile or two, at right angles to the main valley, and rising to saddle-like divides. The enemy not only held the high positions from behind the best trenches they had yet constructed, but they had the lower land intrenched as well, and had many battery positions—more emplacements, by far, than they had guns, as a captured order showed, which instructed the artillery commander to move his artillery from one position to another, whenever discovered by the Japanese.

At 5:45 A. M. a great artillery duel was in full blast. From the first gun, fired before the sun rose, to the moment of the maximum of screaming, bursting shells and hideous baying of Russian cannon and the shorter yelping bark of the Japanese guns, the time seemed hardly five minutes. Fire-flashes spat, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, as fast as one could count, from the three widely-separated batteries of the Russians, and the sheets of bursting shrapnel raised up clouds of dirt where they vengefully smote the earth, while overhead in the air the white puffs of smoke expanded and were wafted away, thinning to invisibility. Every Japanese gun was in action except one battery far to the left, which had taken position in a broom-corn field in the level valley. This battery was pounded into silence by the big Russian bluff-hung battery we had seen in action the day before, and never again lifted its thunderous voice.

The Japanese had selected gun positions well back from the river-levels, and the many gorge-cut hills between them and the enemy—all of nearly the same height—must have made them very difficult to locate. In fact, the Russians never seemed to feel assured that they were actually hammering the real positions, the range of which they did find several times, but changed their distances after a few minutes, or shelled unmercifully certain hilltops upon which not a single soldier had set foot, in the stubborn belief that they were good positions which should have been occupied, willy-nilly, by their adversary. One Japanese battery of four guns was found long enough, at intervals, to run the casualty roll up to some forty odd. The placing of the Japanese batteries so far in the rear resulted in their being forced to fire at extreme ranges, one of which was 5,050 metres. The Russians, on the contrary, had placed their guns actually on the firing line, or just a few yards back of the infantry trenches.

The Russians seem never to have learned that with a thousand yards' greater range in their favor they could so place their artillery and infantry that the Japanese could not reach them with shrapnel and shell, while they might safely deliver a destructive fire upon their adversary. It was a terrible day for the Guards. The small bodies of men who clung to the protecting cover of the hills on the Russian right could make no advance. The isolated battalions in the hot, marshy plain—a mass of concealing crops—were located by their rifle-fire and literally slaughtered in droves by the Russians, firing from behind great sodded trenches, shoulder high. Re-enforcements, in small numbers, succeeded in reaching these men, but hardly fast enough to make up for the rapid losses they were suffering. The troops had to cross a river a hundred yards wide, hip-deep in water and lined by banks of white sand some twenty yards in breadth. The silvery line of water and burnished yellow sand offered a fine target for the Russian field-guns, and men fell, in quivering masses of blood-stained bodies, on the river bank, or sank, gurgling, in the swift-flowing water of the stream.

It was a veritable tornado of crashing steel which lashed the water into foam and the sand into spouting, blinding clouds upon the shores. No troops in masses could live in this maelstrom, and backward they were driven again and again. The gullies and ravines debouching on the plain were little better, as a stream of hissing shell-fragments was kept pouring into their mouths from batteries never discovered by the Japanese gunners. Kuropatkin claims he repulsed the Guards. He did more; he threw an almost savage gloom over the division which represents most particularly his imperial Majesty. Twice, now, they have been held by the enemy, and officers of other organizations taunt them with being too civilized to fight. Not only did the Russians shell the troops in the valley, but they made the main road a mile away from the river a perfect hell. The reserve ammunition carts had to pass through on the trot, and horses and men and carts were struck. One convoy of ammunition, parked under the lee of hills, had to move twice during the day because the positions became untenable from shrapnel fire.

All the concentrated fury of the Japanese artillery seemed to be directed on the prominent Russian battery on the bluff. The range was long, but the accuracy of the artillerymen was marvelous. They literally plowed up that battery position and several acres around it. Shimose shells tore great gaps in the infantry trenches. One killed the battery commander in his view-hole, and buried the poor devil there. Shrapnel bullets and jagged pieces of steel knocked down many artillery horses behind the hill. To add to the horrors of this frightful day, storm-clouds gathered darkly in the west at three o'clock, and a savage gale broke loose, with an accompaniment of lightning and thunder. The clouds drew down and almost touched the high ridges, and a deluge of rain followed, which blotted out the distant landscape. The battle kept on, mingling its roar with that of nature, until the drenched valleys reverberated with the artillery of the heavens above and that of puny man beneath. The overheated, the overstrained soldiers welcomed the cooling rain in the first few moments, and

then shivered in their drenched clothing. For several hours more they served the guns, or lay prone, blazing away on the firing lines, with their teeth chattering from cold, as they passed their hands over their eyes to brush out the trickling water.

Night brought its reprieve to the Guards. Understand that this gallant division had not suffered a defeat; they had simply failed to accomplish the task set for them to do. All honor to them! The time has passed when they can run over their enemy holding intrenched positions, and this is as it should be in modern warfare. An antagonist behind constructed field works should drive back three times his numbers. An American scout I knew in the Philippines would have exclaimed, in the enthusiasm of an unbridled war spirit, "It was a fine killing!" but that man had no soul, no just appreciation of the horrors of a bloody battle-field. It anguished one's heart to see the long line of litter-carriers splashing through the mud in the gathering darkness, bearing the shattered human forms to the rear. No groans or murmurs from these poor chaps, wet to the skin and shuddering with cold, and racked with the agony of the lurching litter, as the bearers slipped and struggled in and out of the watery mud-holes.

Out in the millet fields, out in the dark waving broom-corn, one knew that bleeding, fever-thirsted men, in faded and soiled khaki, would lie all night and writhe helplessly in the torture of fearful wounds, and that many of them would die alone, with no friendly comrade to clasp a hand and say a last farewell. The Red Cross men, wearied to death, would search the fields all night, and the litter-borne wounded would come in a constant stream to the field hospitals in every Chinese village, where the doctors, by the uncertain light of flickering candles, would bandage and dress and operate, without rest or sleep, until the last man should be cared for. The Chinese villages for miles around Roshizan were literally filled with wounded soldiers of the Guards. Their total losses since the beginning of the advance easily reach over

A Hanging Matter

WE hang a man for murder.

He has a hang-dog look;

We hang a door, a picture, too,

We hang around the cook.

A gun hangs fire, indeed, at times;

The robin hangs his wings,

We hang our banners on the wall,

The coward hangs back from things.

We hang a coat upon a chair—

That's queer, you must admit—

Across the sea the Japs hang on;

They've got the hang of it.

A hang-nail, sure, may bother one,

And hangers-on you knew;

Your sweetheart hangs upon your words

While hanging on to you.

The sky is often hung with clouds,

The bore hangs on a joke,

A mule hangs out despite the lash

That hangs upon a stroke.

The moon hangs low within the sky,

But prices still hang high;

We let the trusts together hang—

I'm hanged if I see why.

MABEL CRONISE JONES.

twenty-five hundred men, and officers admitted next day that in the battle of August 26th, alone, they had lost some fifteen hundred men.

August 27th.—A dark, gloomy morning, with cloud-hung hills and wet mists which drenched one, rolling upward from the valleys. Day seemed loath to come. Long after sunrise a tired Japanese battery fired, hoarsely, a single shell and waited; then another, and—as if brushing sleep from its eyes—it yawned roaringly in quicker succession. The Russians did not answer. They had retired at nightfall, when Kuropatkin discovered that the twelfth and second divisions were pushing forward on the right flank and the Fourth Army on the left. It is understood, as before stated, that he strongly re-enforced the position before the Guards by withdrawing troops from Anping, but, even if this be true, the Russians were certainly far outnumbered by the Japanese, as estimated by the length of the lines of intrenchments and the number of men they could hold, and the reserves required to support them.

We ask ourselves, over and over again, Where is Kuropatkin's army? The Japanese officials give us remarkable figures, but the evidence furnished by the volume of small-arm fire, the number of cannon, the expended cartridges left in the trenches, the areas of bivouacs and camp-sites, all tell a different story. It is my firm conviction that Kuropatkin grossly exaggerates the size of his army, with a view to retarding his enemy as long as possible. The Japanese report such and such regiments to us as being present, based upon the numbered caps left upon the battle-field and the stories of spies who make lists of these numbers, but we already know that often, in the same trench twenty yards long, several of these forsaken headgear will each bear a different number, which disabuses one promptly of the idea that the whole regiment was present. It suggests, indeed, that the Russian commander is fearfully hard-pressed for officers, and is recruiting up organizations to their war strength by combining others with them. The latest alleged official information from Russia, via Europe, printed

in Japanese papers, estimates the entire Russian force in the far East at 240,000. If this be true there are 30,000 of them in Port Arthur, 30,000 around Vladivostok, 60,000 on the railroad, and 30,000 sick and wounded, which would leave Kuropatkin 90,000 men available with which to fight the battle of Liao-yang.

The Japanese are bringing against him eight divisions which have not only been re-enforced with extra battalions for every regiment, but include several additional brigades of reserves attached to the different divisions, thus swelling the number of effective fighting men to from 160,000, to 170,000. These figures do not include the four Japanese divisions now before Port Arthur, nor the thousands of reserve soldiers on the lines of communication and the army of non-combatant transport soldiers, which certainly bring the grand total for the Japanese to over 400,000.

But let us return to our battle-field. As soon as it was discovered that the Russians had retired from the foremost positions the troops poured down the great valley through every lateral ravine and gully, wading the river, battalions strong, and rapidly pushing forward, the first bunches well deployed. They scaled the hills in long, thin lines, and the waving of flags on each position, as it was taken, was answered by shouts of "Banzai!" from the plain below. Those "Banzais," somehow, had a pathetic ring. By eleven o'clock all the forward heights had been occupied, but further progress was suddenly put a stop to by severe Russian volleys from the high ridges rearward.

From time to time we could see files of Russian soldiers marching leisurely along the mountain foot-paths and the rutty cross-roads; they disappeared when the hill-crests were reached. A stubborn rear-guard action, unsupported by artillery, had been commenced by the Russians, a rear-guard action which lasted for three days—August 27th, 28th, and 29th—before the Imperial Guards finally arrived in front of the Russian advanced positions before Liao-yang, but all that really belongs to the story of the tremendous and magnificent battle for possession of the railroad metropolis which is to follow. As the two correspondents ran full tilt into headquarters staff, camped on the roadside—in their efforts to be early upon the deserted battle-field of the Russians—the official interpreter separated himself from the galaxy, and, with many obsequious bows and smiles, hastily said, "The chief-of-staff gives you permission to go where you please now." We thanked him and, without effort, smiled back at him. I trust it was not a laugh, for Bass remarked under his breath, "I will be obeyed! Do what you please."

The interpreter was very solicitous about our welfare, and assured us that he had made "many preparations" for us so that we could have all the Japanese hard-tack and canned roast-beef we desired. He even suggested beer and mineral water. We never received that food, and, in fact, we did not see him again for five days. The Russians left half a dozen dead upon their battle-field, and twice as many shrapnel-riddled horses. Fifty boxes of small-arm ammunition and 400 odd shrapnel shells were the Japanese prizes of war.

The Mails and Better Roads.

NOT THE least among the many benefits certain to accrue from rural free-mail delivery in this country is a deeper and more widespread interest in improved highways. In fact, rural delivery is already recognized as a new and powerful factor in the good-roads movement. Necessity here, as in so many other lines of material development, has been the mainspring of action. It is found difficult, expensive, and, in some cases, practically impossible to extend the rural-delivery system as required in some interior regions because of the wretched roads. With the alternatives sharply before them of either providing better roads or going without the advantages of a frequent mail delivery, few, if any, American communities will hesitate to choose road improvement.

By Proxy.

WHAT THE BABY NEEDED.

"I SUFFERED from nervousness and headache until one day about a year ago it suddenly occurred to me what a great coffee drinker I was, and I thought maybe this might have something to do with my trouble; so I shifted to tea for a while, but was not better—if anything, worse.

"At that time I had a baby four months old that we had to feed on the bottle, until an old lady friend told me to try Postum Food Coffee. Three months ago I commenced using Postum, leaving off the tea and coffee, and not only have my headaches and nervous troubles entirely disappeared, but since then I have been giving plenty of nurse for my baby and have a large, healthy child now.

"I have no desire to drink anything but Postum and know it has benefited my children, and I hope all who have children will try Postum and find out for themselves what a really wonderful food drink it is." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Both tea and coffee contain quantities of a poisonous drug called Caffeine that directly affects the heart, kidneys, stomach, and nerves. Postum is made from cereals only, scientifically blended to get the coffee flavor. Ten days' trial of Postum in place of tea or coffee will show a health secret worth more than a gold mine. There's a reason.

Get the book, "The Road to Wellville," in each package.



BARNEY OLDFIELD DEFEATING EARL KISER IN A TEN-MILE AUTO RACE AT CLEVELAND, AND MAKING A NEW WORLD'S RECORD OF 9:17 1-5.—Van Oeyen.



"WAR-HORSE" JOHN FISHER,
Of the Columbia University
football team.
Earle.



D. D. MUIR,
Right end of Columbia's 'var-
sity eleven.
Earle.



CAPTAIN LYNNAH,
Of the Cornell University football
team.
McGillivray.



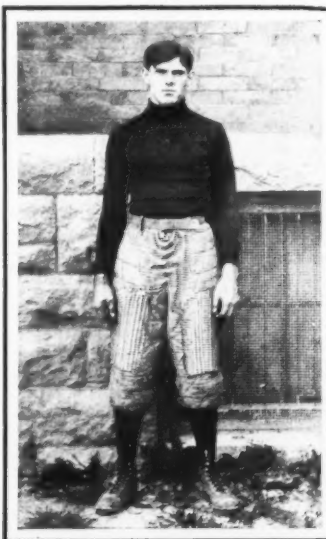
CAPTAIN FORBES,
Of the Wesleyan team, who, after a
dispute with the faculty, left and
joined the Yale eleven.—Sedgwick.



SAMUEL P. B. MORSE,
Yale's best half-back, grandson and
namesake of the inventor of the
telegraph.—Sedgwick.



STIMSON,
Efficient half-back of the Syracuse
University team.



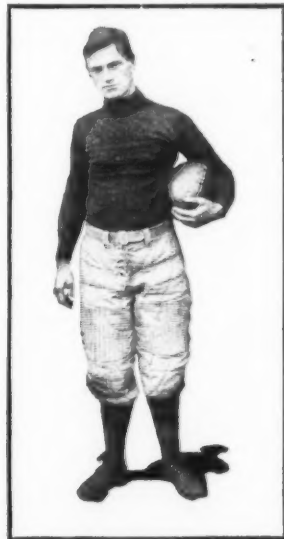
HARWOOD,
Syracuse University team's expert
tackle.



VAN DUYNE,
The Syracuse eleven's capable
guard.



CURTIS,
The Syracuse team's excellent
full-back.



PARK,
Half-back and captain of the Syra-
cuse eleven.



TRACK TEAM OF COMPANY H, NINTH UNITED STATES INFANTRY, MADISON BARRACKS, SACKETT'S HARBOR, N. Y., WHICH WON A TWO-MILE RELAY RACE IN 7 MINUTES 10 1-5 SECONDS, BREAKING ALL ARMY RECORDS.

Right to left: McQuary, Brown, Hall, Carroll, O'Rourke, Bartlett, Bloomfield, Finerty, McGrath, Christian, Bennett, Costello, Walker, Haeksthoel, Kisselberg, Wilks. Seated, Captain Hersey.

LAUREL-WINNERS IN THE OUTDOOR SPORTS OF AUTUMN.

OLDFIELD MAKING A NEW WORLD'S AUTOMOBILE RECORD, AND THE ARMY'S CHAMPIONS IN RELAY RACING.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers

[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of the regular readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answering questions, and all communications are treated confidentially. Correspondents should always inclose a

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO ALL persons whose taxes for the year 1904 have not been paid before the first day of November, of the said year, that unless the same shall be paid to the Receiver of Taxes at his office in the Borough in which the property is located, as follows:

BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN, No. 57 Chambers street, Manhattan, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF THE BRONX, corner Third and Tremont avenues, the Bronx, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8 Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF QUEENS, corner Jackson avenue and Fifth street, Long Island City, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF RICHMOND, corner Bay and Sand streets, Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.

—before the first day of December of said year, he will charge, receive and collect upon such taxes so remaining unpaid on that day, in addition to the amount of such taxes, one per centum on the amount thereof, as provided by sections 916 and 918 of the Greater New York Charter (chapter 378, Laws of 1897).

DAVID E. AUSTEN, Receiver of Taxes.

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stamp, as sometimes a personal reply is necessary. Inquiries should refer only to matters directly connected with Wall Street interests. Subscribers to LESLIE'S WEEKLY at the home office, at regular subscription rates, namely, \$4 per annum, are placed on a preferred list, entitling them to the early delivery of the papers, and, in emergencies, to answers by mail or telegraph. Address "Jasper," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

MY GOOD friend Mr. Vanderlip, of the (Standard Oil) City Bank, in his recent address to the Illinois bankers, told why he believed that this great and growing country would continue to be great, growing, and prosperous. He saw no signs of a financial panic and little evidences of business depression of serious import. He did admit that business in many respects is "unsatisfactory," and he did mildly caution the public against over-speculation on the bull side of the stock market. I hope Mr. Vanderlip is right in his conclusions, and I admit that he is more than half right, but similar prophecies have been made again and again by Mr. Morgan and others. And what happened thereafter?

We are great and prosperous. We have tremendous natural resources. We make money more easily than any other nation in the world, and we spend it more freely. But we are also the greatest gamblers, perhaps I should say speculators, that the world has produced, and that is one of the present dangers of the situation. In our eagerness to make money we permit shrewd and unscrupulous financial leaders to deceive us, and we do this with our eyes wide open. It was less than three years ago that speculation became so rampant on Wall Street that every one caught the frenzy of the moment and nearly every one suffered by it. At the close of that financial debacle some of the great bull manipulators who had been carried, like the rest of the public, a little too far on the crest of the wave of prosperity found themselves incumbered with too many "indigestible" securities. They have been anxiously awaiting the time when they could get rid of this burden. A year ago it seemed as if that happy day might be a long time coming. The period of depression which had set in promised to end in something like a panic, but it proved to be a slow fever rather than the shock of a quick prostration.

And now the question is, if, having passed through this experience, we have altogether passed the crisis that history shows us must inevitably follow a period of wild speculation. We have seen a rise in the stock market during the past summer and the present fall which has added an average of twenty points to the quoted prices of stocks and increased their selling value at the extraordinary rate of \$500,000,000 a month, or a total of \$3,000,000,000, and this tremendous advance has occurred while the reports of all our leading railroads show that it is most difficult, on account of increasing cost of operating expenses and materials, to maintain earnings on the superb basis of the past few years of prosperity. Some roads like the Rock Island show decreased net earnings of several million dollars, and yet the boom goes on, and Rock Island common, which is as far distant from dividends as most of the industrial common shares, is selling at from two to five times the price of some of the latter; and Steel Trust shares are up to the prices that prevailed when the iron industry was booming and Steel Trust earnings were almost twice what they are to-day.

It is true that the Steel Trust is taking steps to reduce the cost of production by cutting down wages and lengthening the hours of its workmen. Whether this means a serious disturbance of the labor market or not, it is too early to say. Such a struggle is not impossible, and it would not be regarded in any sense as a bull factor if it became bitter and prolonged. It is said that such a contest with organized labor by this colossal trust is inevitable, and that it has been agreed to defer it until after the presidential election, so as to remove it from the sphere of politics. If that be the case, there is good reason for the report that some of the heaviest holders of Steel Trust shares have been unloading on the present rise.

The advance in the stock market, as I have pointed out, was made more easy because bull manipulators were abundantly supplied with money at abnormally low rates of interest. A heavy short interest also facilitated their operations, and

beyond this they found that those who had bought stocks during the boom, in the era of extravagant prices, and who had been able to hold them through the period of depression, were still holding them with a grim determination not to sell at a loss. All these stocks, aggregating enormous quantities, were thus out of the market for the time being, and this left the manipulators a far easier task than they would have had had they been obliged to meet a shower of shares coming from all directions.

And so for a long time the public were not in the market simply because they had been in and were awaiting a chance to get out. They had little faith in the sincerity of the midsummer rise, and to their minds, as to those of many others who had been taught lessons of caution by years of experience, that rise did not seem to be justifiable from any point of view. But it came because of the strength of leadership behind it and because of fortuitous circumstances to which I have called attention.

And now that stocks are on a higher plane, the question is, Can they go much higher? It is true that the public has once more been attracted to the market. The manipulators had reached the conclusion that the public would not get into it again until the public had been able to get out with something of a profit. On the present rise many of those who had held stocks patiently at a loss have sold them at a profit, in most instances a small one. All of these have been tempted, as the advance has continued, to make one more try in the market, and they have been gradually buying, with increasing freedom and liberality from week to week, until within the past fortnight we have seen brokers' offices once more enlivened by a rush of customers.

Does any one believe that in the past six months circumstances have justified such an advance as we have had in certain directions—over 30 points in Steel preferred, which is not earning its full dividend; nearly 15 points in Steel common, which may never pay a dividend again; nearly 30 points in Brooklyn Rapid Transit, which has never paid a dividend and which never can—unless it makes a powerful combination with the local traction interests—until the water is squeezed out of its capital; 11 in Rock Island, which barely escaped a deficit last year? Of course there may be special reasons for the advance in St. Paul, in Reading, in Union Pacific, and in other stocks that might be mentioned. The Merger litigation and the contest for control arising therefrom, the increasing value of coal properties, and other special reasons in special cases have helped the advance in the market on more or less legitimate lines. The public will not know how much of this advance was justified until the meaning of certain movements of great leaders have been more clearly revealed.

That causes are operating in certain directions to advance some railroad shares is beyond question, and, as a natural result, Wall Street is full of rumors, some absolutely absurd and many discreditable. At such a time the scalpers of the Street and the bucket-shop touters have no end of tips. We are told that dividends are to be increased or additional dividends declared when those who give out such rumors have no other basis for them than their own imagination. The gullible who swallow this sort of stuff and hasten to buy stocks at advancing prices will inevitably suffer once more, as they did after the frenzied boom of 1901 and 1902. It is a good time, therefore, to repeat my advice that those who venture into the stock market should proceed with caution, and accept with incredulity bull rumors circulated by irresponsible parties; that they look carefully into the earnings and into the management of corporations whose shares look attractive, and that they take a substantial profit whenever they can get it, without waiting for the last cent.

It is a market in which cautionary signals are already in sight. A sudden rise in interest rates would give the bull movement a shock, and this may come from panicky conditions abroad as well as at home, for the money markets of the world are all now more or less feverish, restless, and uncertain.

"A. J." Worcester, Mass.: I do not regard it as one of the best, though at its price it is a fair purchase.

"J. S." Brooklyn: Complaints in reference to the non-receipt of the paper should be addressed to the business department.

"F. W. T." Chicago: While the directors of Atchison can, if they desire, increase dividends on the common, this course, in view of the financial needs of the company, would not be regarded as conservative. Unless we are on the eve of a decided business revival, the stock looks high. In spite of all the bull tendencies of the present time, I still believe we must have a decided reaction before many months have passed.

"St. Louis": While it may be true that the money value of the crops will be larger than the normal, it is also true that this does not help the freight business of the railways, for the smaller the crop the less their business. The Rock Island reports that its decreased earnings last year were due in a measure to the shortage of the crops. Estimates as to the corn crop differ. It is too early yet to say whether it will exceed two billion bushels.

"F." Clearwater, Fla.: Amer. Car and Foundry common ranged last year from 17 1/4 to 41 3/4 and this year has sold as low as 14 3/4. The reduction of the last dividend to one-half of one per cent. was due to the decided shrinkage in the company's earnings. It is very heavily over-capitalized and in a field which invites competition. The tendency of speculation is rapidly drifting more and more toward the industrials and, if the advance continues, you may have an opportunity to sell without too great a loss. I would avail myself of it.

"H." Manchester, N. H.: I do not regard Greene Con. Copper as a safe investment. No mining stock can be so regarded. When it reacted to about 12 I suggested that it looked like a reasonably good speculative purchase. It has now advanced to over 20, and its friends are talking of 40 for it. Its par is only \$10. At the recent annual meeting a stockholder asked President Greene if the present bi-monthly dividends of 3 per cent. were to be continued. He gave every assurance that they would be, and said that the recent new strike in the mine warranted increased dividends.

"H. M." Hoboken: 1. Error noted. 2. The market is entitled to a reaction and a profit is always a good thing to take. 3. Chic. Union Traction finally participated in the rise. It sold last year as high as 17 1/2. While all such stocks are highly speculative, when they do move they usually give a better percentage of profit than anything else, as has been illustrated by the recent rise in Leather common. I said long ago that stocks of this character occasionally take a rapid turn for the better and therefore are favorites with some of the patient speculators.

"S." Fremont, Neb.: The Russian government's are preferable to the Japanese war loan, but I regard neither as a wise investment. The situation is too acute, apparently, for an early settlement, and the prolongation of the war is therefore regarded as inevitable. This will involve enormous further expenditures, and there is danger that these tremendous drafts on foreign capital may lead to a crisis in the Paris or Berlin exchange which will be reflected in London as well as here. It may be true that the very intensity of the struggle may hasten its conclusion, but Russia's pride as well as its supremacy is involved, and many believe that it must ultimately crush its smaller rival.

"W." Columbus, O.: No one will deny that all the local traction, light, and telephone securities to which you refer are heavily over-capitalized. Their value depends not only on the excellence of the management, but also on the retention, undisturbed, of their franchise rights. The tendency is more and more to curtail franchise powers, and to tax the value of franchises heavily for both local and State purposes. Nothing is known of these stocks on Wall Street, and you are better situated than I to ascertain the character of their management and the prospects of their business. My preference would be Wall Street securities of approved character that always find a ready market.

(Continued on page 427.)

"The Whole Thing in a Nutshell"



200 Eggs
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Per Hen
HOW TO GET THEM

The fourth edition of the book, "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen," is now ready. Revised, enlarged, and in part rewritten. 96 pages. Contains among other things the method of feeding by which Mr. S. D. Fox, of Wolfboro, N. H., won the prize of \$100 in gold offered by the manufacturers of a well-known condition powder for the best egg record during the winter months. Simple as a, b, c—and yet we guarantee it to start hens to laying earlier and to induce them to lay more eggs than any other method under the sun. The book also contains recipe for egg food and tonic used by Mr. Fox, which brought him in one winter day 68 eggs from 72 hens; and for five days in succession from the same flock 64 eggs a day. Mr. E. F. Chamberlain, of Wolfboro, N. H., says: "By following the methods outlined in your book I obtained 1,486 eggs from 91 R. I. Reds in the month of January, 1902." From 14 pullets picked at random out of a farmer's flock the author got 2,986 eggs in one year—an average of over 214 eggs apiece. It has been my ambition in writing "200 Eggs a Year Per Hen" to make it the standard book on egg production and profits in poultry. Tells all there is to know, and tells it in a plain, common-sense way.

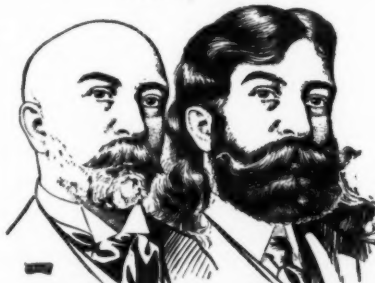
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TRACK ALREADY IN SERVICE**

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 426.

"E. W. P., Rochester: Could not answer your telegram because you gave me nothing but your initials.

"K., New York: 1. I would take a profit and wait for a reaction. Wish you had gotten in on a lower plane when I suggested it. 2. At present, Amalgamated.

"Smarte," St. Paul: Glad of your profit. Int. Mer. Marine is quoted on the "curb." Any broker will buy it for you. The stock has had a little advance since I advised its purchase.

"J. G., Brooklyn: 1. I know very little about the copper property to which you refer, and no reliable reports of earnings are available. 2. John M. Shaw & Co., 26 Broad Street, New York.

"Ice," Toledo: It is always unsafe to sell short the shares of a company which has a small capital, with the shares firmly held by a large number of stockholders. Such companies are especially liable to manipulation on either side. The stock still looks high enough.

"X. Y., New York: 1. As conditions now are, Soo common, though it pays much less than the industrials to which you refer. Int. Paper preferred I regard as a more desirable stock than Steel preferred or U. S. Rubber preferred—I mean for a semi-investment or a long pull. 2. If the development of its territory continues, both the Soo stocks will have a further advance.

"W., Plattsburg, N. Y.: 1. American Ice preferred. 2. Railway Steel Spring common. 3. On breaks I regard Reading favorably, in spite of its protracted rise. 4. Everything depends on your situation in the market, and I would take counsel with my broker in such a matter, if I had confidence in his judgment.

"T., Detroit, Mich.: I would not sacrifice my Balto. and Ohio common, though I think the stock is high enough for a 4 per cent. security. If the market maintains its strength you will probably be able to sell without loss, or you could sell your stock and put the proceeds in the 4 per cent. bonds of the Toledo St. Louis and Western, selling around 81 or 82, and which look quite as secure as B. and O. common and show an advancing tendency.

"S. S. S., Massachusetts: 1. The copper stock you mention is not dealt in on Wall Street. 2. After such a rise as Steel common has had, it would not be natural to expect a much further advance. Railway Steel Spring, paying dividends and selling around 25 or 26, should have much better prospects, but one ought to be patient if he buys inactive stocks, and must await the period when insiders find it profitable to advance them.

"Portorico": 1. Mexican Central sold last year from 8 1/2 to 29, and this year from 5 to 17 1/2. It recently needed money and had to borrow at an extravagant rate of interest. At that time a reorganization was threatened. I regard the first income bonds as decidedly better than Mexican Central stock, in view of the small difference in their cost. A struggle over control has helped the advance in the stock. 2. If the proposed change in the date of the annual meeting of the American Ice Company from March to December is approved by the stockholders the annual report should be made in the approaching December.

"Q., West Virginia: If the market continues to show strength it is the general belief that cheaper industrials will next have their turn, especially those which have not enjoyed a great advance and which are dividend-payers. You must bear in mind that all the non-dividend-paying railroad stocks to which you refer have enjoyed a decided advance and are therefore entitled to a reaction. I certainly have not recommended the purchase of B. R. T. since it has been manipulated to higher figures than earnings seem to justify. Note weekly observations and suggestions with a little more care. Henry Clews & Co. stand well.

"T., Brockton, Mass.: 1. Pacific Mail pays no dividends and the controlling interest is owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad. It is said that it expects to profit materially by the construction of the Panama Canal, but that is a long way off. The proposed ship-subsidy legislation would be more helpful. 2. Bay State Gas, at 25 cents a share, of course is only a gamble. Every once in a while it is manipulated for an advance, and recently there were reports that this manipulation was to be begun again. The stock seems a little stronger and is apparently being accumulated.

"S., New York: 1. Usually common shares rise sympathetically with the preferred, especially where the common, as you say, enjoys an equal voting power. It is always a good thing to take a profit, however, and wait for a reaction, though, in some instances those who are the most patient and wait the longest reap the best results. 2. I do not believe that American Ice preferred, on the earnings of the past year, can expect dividends, now or that any will be paid, though it is selling higher than other industrials paying 4 per cent. A contest for control would of course add to the value of the stock in the market, if not intrinsically. Whether such a contest is impending, I cannot say.

"S. W., New Haven, Conn.: 1. It is almost impossible to tell you in brief exactly what Bay State Gas represents. The company has been involved in long-continued litigation, and just what equity there is in its scrip no one seems able to say, except that it is very highly speculative. 2. I can only repeat what I have said so often regarding American Ice common. It is better to buy when prices are low than to wait until everything is on the boom. Only when a bull movement progresses far beyond the boundaries of conservatism does the public seem eager to buy. 3. No man can always be right on a market, and you have the satisfaction at least of knowing that if you did not make money during the rise you did not lose anything, either, and your turn still may come.

"Constant Reader," Harmon, Col.: I never like to recommend industrials; or, for that matter, railway corporations in which there are "wheels within wheels." While Amer. Smelters has had a rapid rise on its excellent earnings, the fact you mention, that the controlling interests also dominate an "Exploration Company" and that the interests of the one may be sacrificed to those of the other, cannot be forgotten. If the "Exploration Company" should control the mines and the smelting company only the smelters—which can be readily duplicated, while rich mines are scarce—insiders could make a fortune by selling Smelters short. Just now their interests are best served by distributing the stock among the public, and for that reason no doubt they have been encouraging the recent advance.

"G. W., Milwaukee: 1. It is impossible for me to ascertain whether a pool is operating in American Ice or not. I have thought that the recent rise gave those who bought it for a profit a fair chance to take that profit, and it seemed to me that the preferred, on a non-dividend-paying basis, was high enough, though of course a pool or combination could put it much higher. Until dividends are in sight a much greater advance would not seem to be justified. It will be observed that the rise has been particularly in the preferred and not in the common. 2. I should think very likely. 3. If the market maintains its strength cheap dividend-paying industrials that could be readily advanced—although I will not say that they will be—would obviously include Railway Steel Spring, paying 2 per cent., and U. S. Cast Iron Pipe preferred, paying 5 per cent.

"H., Ludlow, Vt.: 1. John M. Shaw & Co., 30 Broad Street, members of the Stock Exchange, in excellent standing and dealing in cotton and grain as well as stocks. 2. Thank you for your considerate words. I must say for most of my readers that they are entirely satisfied that the advice they receive is honestly meant and entirely disinterested. Of course my readers must do some of their thinking for



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themselves, and it would be strange indeed if I were not occasionally mistaken in reading the signs of the times. 3. B. R. T., as I have often said, is in the hands of expert manipulators with abundant resources. The fact that the 4 per cent. bonds ahead of the stock are not in great demand around 83 is evidence that the stock, paying no dividends and really earning none, is pretty high when it approaches 70, but there is danger in shorting it because of the powerful Wall Street combination which can be rallied to its support at any time.

Continued on page 428.

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[NOTICE.—This department is intended for the information of readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY. No charge is made for answers to inquiries regarding life-insurance matters, and communications are treated confidentially. A stamp should always be inclosed, as a personal reply is sometimes deemed advisable. Address "Hermit," LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York.]

A MAN FREQUENTLY says: "I do not propose to burden myself with life insurance." What is there in this life that is not more or less a burden? Can one grow in any direction, physically, mentally, or spiritually, without its being an effort and more or less of a strain? My view is that a man is not carrying an adequate amount of insurance unless it is more or less of a burden to him. If a premium does not tax him, then the amount of insurance will not mean much to his family and his business affairs. For instance, a man with an income of \$5,000 a year could carry \$5,000 of insurance without any strain. The small premium would mean very little to him, but the \$5,000 insurance would also mean comparatively little to his family. It would insure but one year of his earning power. If this man were killed by the negligence of a railroad company the courts would value his life at \$60,000 to \$70,000. In the same way a millionaire could perhaps carry \$100,000 of insurance without much trouble, but to make it worth while he ought to carry life insurance of a greater amount. Any man that starts out to carry life insurance with the idea that it is easy had better never begin. It is hard, but it is a burden that a self-respecting, home-loving man enjoys more than almost any burden he assumes. It gives more comfort and satisfaction than any other investment he ever makes.

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"B., Baltimore, Md.: Both companies seem to be successfully conducted and stand well. My preference would be the Travelers. There is no doubt about its safety and its ability to carry out its contracts."

The Hermit.

Jasper's Hints to Money-makers.

Continued from page 427.

"Stockholder," Philadelphia: Anonymous communications not answered.
"J. A. C., Meriden, Conn.: Impossible to say, as conditions are so constantly and rapidly changing. Read my weekly suggestions."
"S., Indianapolis: I cannot escape the conviction that the enormous addition to the fixed charges of Colo. Fuel and Iron, growing out of the enlargement of its funded debt, must ultimately be reflected in lower prices for the stock. And yet the great interests that predominate in it may feel it incumbent on them to make a higher market for the stock, both for sentimental and business considerations."
"W., Cleveland: The inside information about Railway Steel Spring which you tell me you have ought to be good. It confirms statements made to me also by an insider. The stock has not had much of a rise, and I would be inclined to hold it for a better figure rather than to sacrifice it at a loss. It pays 4 per cent. and has therefore looked cheap compared with other 4 per cent. common shares of industrials."

"Son," Niagara Falls: 1. The statement is in error. A former magnate of the company, who has nothing to do with it now, is involved in the suit. The president of the company has nothing to do with it. 2. Mexican Central ranged last year from 8 1/2 to 29, and this year sold as low as 5. There has been talk of reorganization, but the company was able to make a loan at an exorbitant rate of interest to tide it over. The unsettled condition of Mexico, in case of the death of the President, which may be naturally anticipated, makes investors quite shy of its securities. 3. You ought not to complain if you were among the money-makers. You are not obliged to take any one's advice on anything at any time.
"X. Y. Z., Lewistown, Penn.: After having kept out of the market during the past few months of persistent rise, it seems wisest to keep out of it now unless one wishes to operate for quick turns. Some bonds are still attractive. Among these the Clover Leaf 4s. around 80, and the San Antonio and Aran. Pass 4s. guaranteed, principal and interest, by the Southern Pacific, selling around 90. I called attention to both of these bonds when they were lower. The market certainly is entitled to a reaction and prices are unreasonably high in many directions."

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but if the public gets into the market no one can tell how far the speculative fever will carry things. The present tendency is toward industrial, especially of the dividend-paying class. Some of these have had a decided advance and are also entitled to a reaction.

"F., Troy, N. Y.: 1. Of course all financial forecasts have an element of interest, but none of them can be regarded as accurate and reliable, and all are decidedly speculative. It is a question whether the forecaster is a better guesser than you are, and also whether his forecast is not paid for by an interested party looking after customers for securities. In nineteen instances out of twenty this is the case. 2. Impossible to say, for conditions constantly change. 3. Much will depend upon the industrial condition of the country and the ease of money. 4. All the low-priced stocks to which you refer were suggested by me some weeks ago as fairly good speculative propositions. Of course they are less so since they have had a considerable rise. Whether the advance will continue or not, I cannot say. 5. Erie first preferred, Rock Island preferred, and M. K. and T. preferred ought all to be worth more a few years from now than they are at present, unless the country experiences an unforeseen and extended period of depression, intensified by the failure of its principal crops. 6. I see nothing to change my opinion regarding the Steel Trust shares."

"Loser," Troy, N. Y.: 1. I firmly believe that Con. Lake Superior preferred, selling in Philadelphia and on the New York curb around 12, and representing the preferred stock of the great steel and iron corporation which has just been reorganized on a fairly reasonable basis, is worth fully as much, and probably a great deal more, than Steel Trust common selling around 20. With a revival of the iron industry, Con. Lake Superior preferred has a far better chance of dividends than Steel Trust common, because the latter was organized on the basis of a boom and the common stock represents no equity in the property, while the preferred stock of Con. Lake Superior represents a real value. If the latter were the subject of stock-market manipulation it could readily be advanced on its merits far higher than Steel common has reached on this boom, and possibly higher than it ever has reached. It is a good time to pick up stocks when they are not the subject of speculative demand and when they are apparently being overlooked. I have frequently pointed out that their turn will always come if one can be patient. 2. Railway Steel Spring common pays 4 per cent. per annum, and is not as highly over-capitalized as American Car and Foundry or Pressed Steel Car. For some months past it has been reported that it was to be materially advanced, and I gave the information when it sold around 22. It sold as high as 37 last year, and 50 is now talked of. You should have bought it when I first pointed out its cheapness as a dividend-payer."

NEW YORK, October 27th, 1904.

JASPER.



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Jemima's Adventures in New York.

Continued from page 416.

Mrs. Drake, the genial matron. Mayme Hardy did not even balk at sitting in the hammock with the waitress from a Broadway restaurant, and Sade Robinson—owner of four silk petticoats—entertained a group of cash-girls on the porch one rainy evening with an account of the Hodge-Mulligan wedding. Moreover, when the men of the crowd exchanged the delights of fishing for the pleasures of feminine society, they were passed around impartially. Mayme Hardy told her fiancé, the fastidious Mr. Manly, that she "hated a snob, and if Jemima Hickson could play for them there was no reason why he couldn't dance with the girls from the Bradley candy factory."

The life was a revelation to Jemima—the daughter of an inland lake. The mysterious rise and fall of the tide in the cove held her fascinated. Full-fed and exultant, it glistened in the afternoon sunlight; wan and shrunken, it lay under the setting moon. The endless procession of waves hypnotized her as she watched them leap from crest to crest, break in a cloud of spray, and thunder up the sand. Every morning she joined the forces at the bathing beach. With the aid of water-wings, instructions, and encouragement, she made flattering progress in the art of swimming. Jemima had learned to row on Uncle Eben's millpond in a flat-bottomed boat, and it was not long before she had established her reputation at Lindenhurst as an oarswoman.

Lindenhurst boasted a tennis-court, and Arthur Connett initiated her into the science of serving and receiving, and unraveled the mystery of deuce and love fifteen. The Slocums in Silver Creek owned a court, and Jemima had often sat in the wagon and watched their incomprehensible performances while her father disposed of butter and eggs at the kitchen door. Little did she then dream that the day would ever come when she would be on intimate terms with a racquet, and would know the difference between a double and a single court. Croquet was the favorite outdoor sport at the Centre, and Martha Bilden, who had free Methodist tendencies, bitterly condemned even that.

The vacation drew to a close, and Jemima failed to surprise her ardent fiancé by wearing his ring. He had been invited to take part in the play, and was over at Lindenhurst daily. There had been much discussion over the choice of a play. Mayme Hardy had wanted high tragedy. She wished to reduce her audience to tears. Jemima had had longings for a costume play, but they had finally settled on "Lady Harcourt's Surprise," in which Jemima took the part of the heroine, *Lady Marguerita*, and Arthur Connett enacted the stern uncle, *Lord Penrose*. The cast worked hard, but they would have felt more than repaid if the only remuneration had been the party on the Clements' naphtha launch,

closing with afternoon tea on the lawn at Tideway.

The fair was set for Labor Day, and the play was scheduled to give both matinee and evening performances. Many members of the federation had come out from the city for the day, and the owners of country places in the neighborhood had driven over with their guests to patronize the fair. The lawn was strung with electric lights and dotted with booths. The broad porch was set with refreshment tables, and the big parlors were cast into the semblance of a theatre. Long before the afternoon



MISS CATHERINE CLEMENTS, FROM TIDEWAY.

presentation was concluded the Hodges had recovered from all symptoms of stage fright, and played before the well-packed audience with as much ease as if they had spent their lives behind the scenes. It was during the evening that the thrilling whisper went through the ranks that the McQuire crowd in full was among the spectators. The Hodge lip—to speak collectively—curled, the Hodge eye flashed, and each of the actors noted with satisfaction the effect of their success upon their hereditary rivals.

Mrs. Drake had invited the cast to a theatre supper in the arbor after the play. Jemima was hurrying thither, when she was arrested by the startling sight of Sadie McQuire with Arthur Connett in tow. "Yes," Sadie was saying to her friends; "this is Mr. Connett, the famous *Lord Penrose*, and a very dear friend of mine." Never once since the Bronx wheeling party had it occurred to Jemima that Arthur Connett might belong to any one but herself; in fact, she had forgotten his former affiliations with the scorned McQuires. All through the gay little supper disturbing thoughts encroached upon her pleasure. Not even the fulsome flattery of Mr. Gilbert, nor the sincere compliments of Mrs. Drake and Miss Clements, served to banish them.

Mr. Jenkins was toastmaster, and they were about to drink, in grape juice, to "The engaged members of the cast," when he concluded his introduction with, "Ladies and gentlemen, before Mr. Manly speaks his eloquent words, let us find out how many of our number are contemplating matrimony. The honored stage-manager tells me that at the ladies' college, of which she is a distinguished scholar, their engaged friends march around the table on such happy occasions. Let us do likewise."

Mr. Manly and Mayme Hardy blushing arose. Arthur Connett's gaze was desperately pleading. It was the last day of their vacation. Jemima hesitated. A voice from without broke in upon the toasting revels; it was Sadie McQuire's. "I'll just find Art Connett," she said; "he'll be glad to show us round the place."

Indeed! Jemima with no uncertain fingers untied the ribbon around her neck and slipped a solitaire upon the third finger of her left hand. To the horror of Messrs. Jenkins and Gilbert and the delighted surprise of the others, Jemima and Connett joined the procession around the table in the grape arbor.

[Jemima's adventures in New York will be continued in the Thanksgiving Number of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, which will appear November 24th. It will contain an account of the Thanksgiving celebration of the Hodge crowd at the Hodge-Mulligan apartment.—EDITOR.]

Special Prizes for Amateur Photographs.

ATTENTION is called to two new special pictorial contests in which the readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY are invited to engage. A prize of \$10 will be given for the most acceptable Thanksgiving Day picture coming to hand by November 1st; and a prize of \$10 for the picture, arriving by November 1st, which reveals most satisfactorily the spirit of the Christmas-tide. These contests are all attractive, and should bring out many competitors.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY was the first publication in the United States to offer prizes for the best work of amateur photographers. We offer a prize of \$5 for the best amateur photograph received by us in each weekly contest, the competition to be based on the originality of the subject and the perfection of the photograph. Preference will be given to unique and original work and to that which bears a special relation to news events. We invite all amateurs to enter this contest. Photographs may be mounted or unmounted, and will be returned if stamps are sent for this purpose with a request for their return. All photographs entered in the contest and not prize-winners will be subject to our use unless otherwise directed, and \$1 will be paid for each photograph we may use. No copyrighted photographs will be received, nor such as have been published or offered elsewhere. Many photographs are received, and those accepted will be utilized as soon as possible. Contestants should be patient. No writing except the name and address of the sender should appear on the back of the photograph, except when letter postage is paid, and in every instance care must be taken to use the proper amount of postage. Photographs must be sent by the makers. Silver paper with a glossy finish should be used when possible. Mat-surface paper is not suitable for reproduction. Photographs entered are not always used. They are subject to return if they are ultimately found unavailable in making up the photographic contest. Preference is always given to pictures of recent current events of importance for the news feature is one of the chief elements in selecting the prize-winners. The contest is open to all readers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, whether subscribers or not.

N. B.—All communications should be specifically addressed to "Leslie's Weekly, 225 Fourth Avenue, New York." When the address is not fully given, communications sometimes go to "Leslie's Magazine" or other publications having no connection with LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

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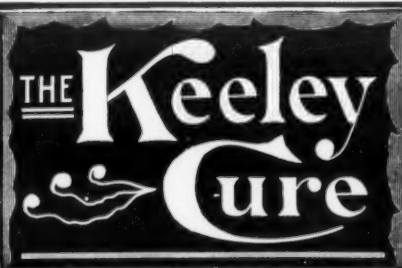
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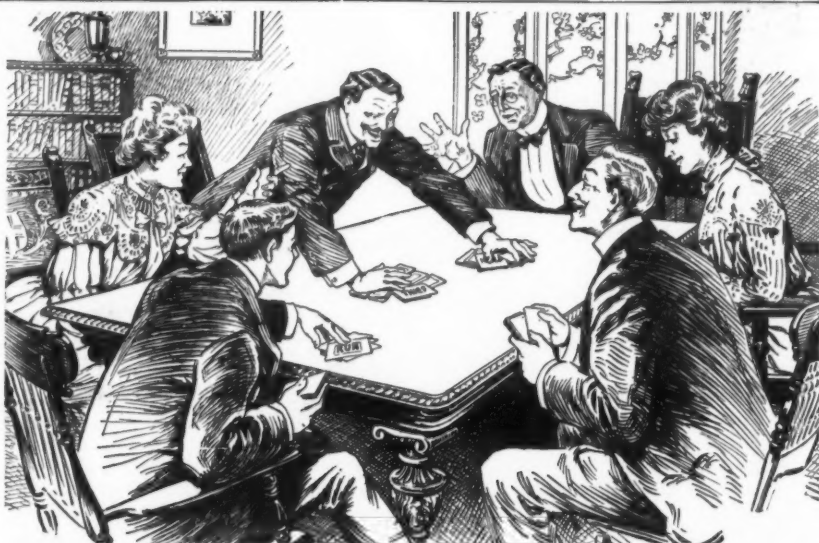
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